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LONGINGS.

In mist and gloom the daylight swiftly dies,
The city lamps shine out along the street;
No vesper glory charms the weary eyes,
No leafy murmurs make the gloaming sweet.
"Ah me, the tranquil evening hours," she
cried,

"Amid the rushes by the river-side !

"The busy feet forever come and go,
The sounds of work and strife are never
still.

Oh, for the grassy pastures, green and low,
The strawberry blossom and the daffodil !
How peacefully the mellow sunshine died
Amid the rushes by the river-side !

"I loved the toil amid those reedy shades,
At sunrise or at sunset, gay and light;
The song of waters and the laugh of maids
Come back to me in happy dreams at
night;

Oh, blessed hours, when free from care and
pride

I bound the rushes by the river-side !

"This is no dwelling-place for hearts like
mine,
Hearts that are born for freedom and for
rest.

Ah me, to see the marshy meadows shine
In the low sunlight of the saffron west !
I will go home to find my peace," she cried,
"Amid the rushes by the river-side."

SARAH DOUDNEY.

Sunday Magazine.

A PLEA.

I.

O YE in all the world who love true song,
Be gentle to the singers who uplift
In innocent delight a cradle gift, —
So often found to work them fatal wrong.
Judge them not wholly as the tuncless throng,
But if within their instrument a rift
Be found to mar not music, give it shrift, —
Song justifies itself, if sweet and strong.

Song justifies itself, but they who sing,
Raining ethereal music from a height
Lonely and pure, grow strong upon the wing,
And more and more enamored of the light,
But faint for any earthly journeying,
And fain to seek a lowly bed at night.

II.

And oh ! be tenderest to the seers who lack
The wild-bird's song, the wild-bird's wing to
rise,
And bathe their souls in light of summer
skies, —
Poets who gather truth with bended back,

And give forth speech of it as on the rack ;
Speech urgent as the blood of grapes that
dyes
His garments who must tread it out with
sighs,
And ceaseless feet that follow no fair track.

Think of the manifold work of those who bruise
The grape in setting free its life divine,
And if some favor they should thereby lose,
Count it no marvel that a soul should pine,
Which often for its sustenance must use
But dregs of that it pours thee forth as wine.

III.

Words that are idle with the songless crowd
Are as the poet's ripest deed, the fruit
And flower of all his working days, the suit
He weaves about his soul, which, if endowed
Too richly, and so called to ends more proud,
Builds with his breath a house of high re-
pute,
Wherein he chants the office for the mute,
Appealing ones, who at his feet are bowed.

Yet let the Maker mould them as he will,
A spirit that he knows not to control
Works in his words beyond his utmost skill,
Making them yield his measure, and the
whole

Form of his being, be it good or ill, —
For no man's work is greater than his soul.

June, 1881.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

Spectator.

GARNERED.

"The harvest of a quiet eye." — *Wordsworth*.

Oh, unlied lives that pass away
In dark of night and light of day,
Whose dreamless hearts no music find
In southern breeze or northern wind ;
Who know each bird and flower by name,
Yet find their language all the same ;
Ye lose a sweet world ever nigh —
"The harvest of a quiet eye."

In spring's first smile, in summer's glow,
In autumn's rain, in winter's snow
That shrouds the dying year and gives
A cradle to the one that lives,
In simplest things is scattered round
A world of beauty, thought and sound,
For those that reap in passing by
"The harvest of a quiet eye."

Ah, blessed friends that ne'er grow strange,
And happy world that ne'er will change,
You seem to weep if we are sad,
And gaily laugh if we are glad ;
Your language is in every tone,
You make a thousand dreams our own,
If we can reap with smile or sigh
"The harvest of a quiet eye."

Cassell's Magazine.

REA.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE UNITY OF NATURE.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

X.

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGION CONSIDERED
IN THE LIGHT OF THE UNITY OF NATURE (*concluded*).

In the beginning of this chapter I have observed how little we think of the assumptions which are involved in putting such questions as that respecting the origin of religion. And here we have come to a point in our investigations at which it is very needful to remember again what some of these assumptions are. In order to do so let us look back for a moment and see where we stand.

We have found the clearest evidence that there is a special tendency in religious conceptions to run into developments of corruption and decay. We have seen the best reason to believe that the religion of savages, like their other peculiarities, is the result of this kind of evolution. We have found in the most ancient records of the Aryan language proof that the indications of religious thought are higher, simpler, and purer as we go back in time, until at last, in the very oldest compositions of human speech which have come down to us, we find the divine being spoken of in the sublime language which forms the opening of the Lord's Prayer. The date in absolute chronology of the oldest Vedic literature does not seem to be known. Professor Max Müller, however, considers that it may possibly take us back five thousand years.* This is probably an extreme estimate, and Professor Monier Williams seems to refer the most ancient Vedic hymns to a period not much more remote than 1500 B.C.† But whatever that date may be, or the corresponding date of any other very ancient literature, such as the Chinese, or that of the oldest Egyptian papyri, when we go beyond these dates we enter upon a period when we are absolutely without any historical evidence whatever, not only as to the history of religion, but as to the history and condition of man-

kind. We do not know even approximately the time during which he has existed. We do not know the place or the surroundings of his birth. We do not know the steps by which his knowledge "grew from more to more." All we can see with certainty is that the earliest inventions of mankind are the most wonderful that the race has ever made. The first beginnings of human speech must have had their origin in powers of the highest order. The first use of fire and the discovery of the methods by which it can be kindled; the domestication of wild animals; and above all the processes by which the various cereals were first developed out of some wild grasses—these are all discoveries with which in ingenuity and in importance no subsequent discoveries may compare. They are all unknown to history—all lost in the light of an effulgent dawn. In speculating, therefore, on the origin of these things, we must make one or other of two assumptions—either that man always had the same mental faculties and the same fundamental intellectual constitution that he has now, or that there was a time when these faculties had not yet risen to the level of humanity, and when his mental constitution was essentially inferior.

On the first of these assumptions we proceed on the safe ground of inquiry from the known to the unknown. We handle a familiar thing; we dissect a known structure; we think of a known agency. We speculate only on the manner of its first behavior. Even in this process we must take a good deal for granted—we must imagine a good deal that is not easily conceivable. If we try to present to our own minds any distinct image of the first man, whether we supposed him to have been specially created or gradually developed, we shall soon find that we are talking about a being and about a condition of things of which science tells us nothing, and of which the imagination even cannot form any definite conception. The temptation to think of that being as a mere savage is very great, and this theory underlies nine-tenths of all speculations on the subject. But, to say the very least, this may not be true, and valid

* Hibbert Lectures, p. 216.

† Hinduism, p. 19.

reasons have been adduced to show that it is in the highest degree improbable. That the first man should have been born with all the developments of savagery, is as impossible as that he should have been born with all the developments of civilization. The next most natural resource we have is to think of the first man as something like a child. But no man has ever seen a child which never had a parent, or some one to represent a parent. We can form no picture in our mind's eye of the mental condition of the first man, if we suppose him to have had no communication with, and no instruction from, some intelligence other than his own. A child that has never known anything, and has never seen example, is a creature of which we have no knowledge, and of which therefore we can form no definite conception. Our power of conceiving things is, of course, no measure of their possibility. But it may be well to observe where the impossibilities of conception are, or may be, of our own making. It is at least possible that the first man may not have been born or created in the condition which we find to be so inconceivable. He may have been a child, but having, what all other children have, some intimations of authority and some acquaintance with its source. At all events, let it be clearly seen that the denial of this possibility is an assumption; and an assumption too which establishes an absolute and radical distinction between childhood as we know it, and the inconceivable conditions of a childhood which was either without parents or with parents who were comparatively beasts. Professor Max Müller has fancied our earliest forefathers as creatures who at first had to be "roused and awakened from mere staring and stolid wonderment," by certain objects "which set them for the first time musing, pondering, and thinking on the visions floating before their eyes." This is a picture evidently framed on the assumption of a fatherless childhood — of a being born into the world with all the innate powers of man, but absolutely deprived of all direct communication with any mind or will analogous to his own. No such assumption is admissible as rep-

resenting any reasonable probability. But at least such imaginings as these about our first parents have reference to their external conditions only, and do not raise the additional difficulties involved in the supposition that the first man was half a beast.

Very different is the case upon the other of the two assumptions which have been indicated above. On the assumption that there was a time when man was different in his own proper nature from that nature as we know it now — when he was merely an animal not yet developed into a man — on this assumption another element of the unknown is introduced, which is an element of absolute confusion. It is impossible to found any reasoning upon data which are not only unknown, but are in themselves unintelligible and inconceivable. Now it seems as if many of those who speculate on the origin of religion have not clearly made up their minds whether they are proceeding on the first of these assumptions or on the second; that is to say, on the assumption that man has always been, in respect to faculty, what he now is, or on the assumption that he was once a beast. Perhaps, indeed, it would be strictly true to say that many of those who speculate on the origin of religion proceed upon the last of these assumptions without avowing it, or even without distinctly recognizing it themselves. It may be well, therefore, to point out here that on this assumption the question cannot be discussed at all. We must begin with man as man, when his development or his creation had made him what he is; not indeed as regards the acquisitions of experience or the treasures of knowledge, but what he is in faculty and in power, in the structure and habit of his mind, in the instincts of his intellectual and moral nature.

But, as we have also seen at the beginning of this chapter, there are two other assumptions between which we must choose. Besides assuming something as to the condition and the powers of the first man, we must also make one or other of two assumptions as to the existence or non-existence of a being to whom his

mind stands in close relation. One is the assumption that there is no God; and then the problem is, how man came to invent one. The other is that there is a God; and then the question is, whether he first formed, and how long he left, his creature without any intuition or revelation of himself?

It is really curious to observe in many speculations on the origin of religion how unconscious the writers are that they are making any assumption at all on this subject. And yet in many cases the assumption distinctly is that, as an objective reality, God does not exist, and that the conception of such a being is built up gradually out of wonderings and guessings about "the infinite" and "the invisible."

On this assumption I confess that it does not appear to me to be possible to give any satisfactory explanation of the origin of religion. As a matter of fact, we see that the tendency to believe in divine or superhuman beings is a universal tendency in the human mind. As a matter of fact, also, we see that the conceptions which gather round this belief — the ideas which grow up and are developed from one consequence to another respecting the character of these superhuman personalities and the relations to mankind — are beyond all comparison the most powerful agencies in moulding human nature for evil or for good. There is no question whatever about the fact that the most terrible and destructive customs of barbarian and of savage life are customs more or less directly connected with the growth of religious superstitions. It was the perception of this fact which inspired the intense hatred of religion, as it was known to him, which breathes in the memorable poem of Lucretius. In all literature there is no single line more true than the famous line, "*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*" Nor is it less certain, on the other hand, that the highest type of human virtue is that which has been exhibited in some of those whose whole inspiration and rule of life has been founded on religious faith. Religious conceptions have been historically the centre of all authority, and have

given their strength to all ideas of moral obligation. Accordingly, we see that the same hatred which inspired Lucretius against religion because of its power for evil, now inspires other men against it because of its power for good. Those who wish to sever all the bonds which bind human society together, the State, the Church, the family, and whose spirits are in fierce rebellion against all law, human or divine, are and must be bitter enemies of religion. The idea must be unendurable to them of a ruler who cannot be defied, of a throne which cannot be overturned, of a kingdom which endureth throughout all generations. The belief in any divine personality as the source of the inexorable laws of nature is a belief which enforces, as nothing else can enforce, the idea of obligation and the duty of obedience.

It is not possible, in the light of the unity of nature, to reconcile this close and obvious relation between religious conceptions and the highest conditions of human life with the supposition that these conceptions are nothing but a dream. The power exercised over the mind and conduct of mankind, by the belief in some divine personality with whom they have to do, is a power having all the marks that indicate an integral part of the system under which we live. But if we are to assume that this belief does not represent a fact, and that its origin is any other than a simple and natural perception of that fact, then this negation must be the groundwork of all our speculations on the subject, and must be involved, more or less directly, in every argument we use. But even on this assumption it is not a reasonable explanation of the fundamental postulates of all religion — namely, the existence of superhuman beings — to suppose that the idea of personality has been evolved out of that which is impersonal; the idea of will out of that which has no intelligence; the idea of life out of that which does not contain it.

On the other hand, if we make the only alternative assumption, — namely that there is a God, that is to say, a supreme being, who is the author of creation, —

then the origin of man's perception of this fact ceases to have any mystery other than that which attaches to the origin of every one of the elementary perceptions of his mind and spirit. Not a few of these perceptions tell him of realities which are as invisible as the Godhead. Of his own passions his perception is immediate — of his own love, of his own anger, of his own possession of just authority. The sense of owing obedience may well be as immediate as the sense of a right to claim it. Moreover, seeing the transcendent power of this perception upon his conduct, and, through his conduct, upon his fate, it becomes antecedently probable, in accordance with the analogies of nature and of all other created beings, that from the very first, and as part of the outfit of his nature, some knowledge was imparted to him of the existence of his Creator, and of the duty which he owed to him.

Of the methods by which this knowledge was imparted to him, we are as ignorant as of the methods by which other innate perceptions were implanted in him. But no special difficulty is involved in the origin of a perception which stands in such close relation to the unity of nature. It has been demanded, indeed, as a postulate in this discussion, that we should discard all notions of antecedent probability — that we should take nothing for granted, except that man started on his course furnished with what are called his senses, and with nothing more. And this demand may be acceded to, provided it be well understood what our senses are. If by this word we are to understand nothing more than the gates and avenues of approach through which we derive an impression of external objects — our sight, and touch, and smell, and taste, and hearing — then, indeed, it is the most violent of all assumptions that they are the only faculties by which knowledge is acquired. There is no need to put any disparagement on these senses, or to undervalue the work they do. Quite the contrary. It has been shown in a former chapter how securely we may rest on the wonder and on the truthfulness of these faculties as a pledge and guarantee of the truthfulness of other faculties which are conversant with higher things. When we think of the mechanism of the eye, and of the inconceivable minuteness of the ethereal movements which that organ enables us to separate and to discriminate at a glance, we get hold of an idea having an

intense interest and a supreme importance. If adjustments so fine and so true as these have been elaborated out of the unities of nature, whether suddenly by what we imagine as creation, or slowly by what we call development, then may we have the firmest confidence that the same law of natural adjustment has prevailed in all the other faculties of the perceiving and conceiving mind. The whole structure of that mind is, as it were, revealed to be a structure which is in the nature of a growth — a structure whose very property and function it is to take in and assimilate the truths of nature — and that in an ascending order, according to the rank of those truths in the system and constitution of the universe. In this connection of thought too great stress cannot be laid on the wonderful language of the senses. In the light of it the whole mind and spirit of man becomes one great mysterious retina for reflecting the images of eternal truth. Our moral and intellectual perceptions of things which in their very nature are invisible, come home to us as invested with a new authority. It is the authority of an adjusted structure — of a mental organization which has been moulded by what we call natural causes — these being the causes on which the unity of the world depends.

And when we come to consider how this moulding, and the moulding of the human body, deviates from that of the lower animals, we discover in the nature of this deviation a law which cannot be mistaken. That law points to the higher power and to the higher value in his economy of faculties which lie behind the senses. The human frame diverges from the frame of the brutes, so far as the mere bodily senses are concerned, in the direction of greater helplessness and weakness. Man's sight is less piercing than the eagle's. His hearing is less acute than the owl's or the bat's. His sense of smell may be said hardly to exist at all when it is compared with the exquisite susceptibilities of the deer, of the weasel, or of the fox. The whole principle and plan of structure in the beasts which are supposed to be nearest to him in form, is a principle and a plan which is almost the converse of that on which his structure has been organized. The so-called man-like apes are highly specialized; man on the contrary is as highly generalized. They are framed to live almost entirely on trees, and to be dependent on arboreal products, which only a very limited

area in the globe can supply. Man is framed to be independent of all local conditions, except indeed those extreme conditions which are incompatible with the maintenance of organic life in any form. If it be true, therefore, that he is descended from some "arboreal animal with pointed ears," he has been modified during the steps of that descent on the principle of depending less on senses such as the lower animals possess, and more and more on what may be called the senses of his mind. The unclothed and unprotected condition of the human body, the total absence of any organic weapon of defence, the want of teeth adapted even for prehension, and the same want of power for similar purposes in the hands and fingers—these are all changes and departures from the mere animal type which stand in obvious relation to the mental powers of man. Apart from these, they are changes which would have placed the new creature at a hopeless disadvantage in the struggle for existence. It is not easy to imagine—indeed, we may safely say that it is impossible to conceive—the condition of things during any intermediate steps in such a process. It seems as if there could be no safety until it had been completed—until the enfeebled physical organization had been supported and reinforced by the new capacities for knowledge and design. This, however, is not the point on which we are dwelling now. We are not now speculating on the origin of man. We are considering him only as he is, and as he must have been since he was man at all. And in that structure as it is, we see that the bodily senses have a smaller relative importance than in the beasts. To the beasts these senses tell them all they know. To us they speak but little compared with all that our spirit of interpretation gathers from them. But that spirit of interpretation is in the nature of a sense. In the lower animals every external stimulus moves to some appropriate action. In man it moves to some appropriate thought. This is an enormous difference; but the principle is the same. We can see that, so far as the mechanism is visible, the plan or the principle of that mechanism is alike. The more clearly we understand that this organic mechanism has been a growth and a development, the more certain we may be that in its structure it is self-adapted, and that in its working it is true. And the same principle applies to those other faculties of our mental constitution which

have no outward organ to indicate the machinery through which their operations are conducted. In them the spirit of interpretation is in communication with the realities which lie behind phenomena—with energies which are kindred with its own. And so we come to understand that the processes of development or of creation, whatever they may have been, which culminated in the production of a being such as man, are processes wholly governed and directed by a law of adjustment between the higher truths which it concerns him most to know, and the evolution of faculties by which alone he could be enabled to apprehend them. There is no difficulty in conceiving these processes carried to the most perfect consummation, as we do see them actually carried to very high degrees of excellence in the case of a few men of extraordinary genius, or of extraordinary virtue. In science the most profound conclusions have been sometimes reached without any process of conscious reasoning. It is clearly the law of our nature, however, that the triumphs of intellect are to be gained only by laborious thought, and by the gains of one generation being made the starting-point for the acquisition of the next. This is the general law. But it is a law which itself assumes certain primary intuitions of the mind as the starting-point of all. If these were wrong, nothing could be right. The whole processes of reasoning would be vitiated from the first. The first man must have had these as perfectly as we now have them, else the earliest steps of reason could never have been taken, the earliest rewards of discovery could never have been secured. But there is this great difference between the moral and the intellectual nature of man, that whereas in the work of reasoning the perceptions which are primary and intuitive require to be worked out and elaborately applied, in morals the perceptions which are primary are all in all. It is true that here also the applications may be infinite, and the doctrines of utility have their legitimate application in enforcing, by the sense of obligation, whatever course of conduct reason may determine to be the most fitting and the best. The sense of obligation in itself is, like the sense of logical sequence, elementary, and, like it, is part and parcel of our mental constitution. But unlike the mere sense of logical sequence, the sense of moral obligation has one necessary and primary application which from the earliest moment of man's

existence may well have been all-sufficient. Obedience to the will of legitimate authority is, as we have seen in a former chapter, the first duty and the first idea of duty in the mind of every child. If ever there was a man who had no earthly father, or if ever there was a man whose father was, as compared with himself, a beast, it would seem a natural and almost a necessary supposition that, along with his own new and wonderful power of self-consciousness, there should have been associated a consciousness also of the presence and the power of that creative energy to which his own development was due. It is not possible for us to conceive what form the consciousness would take. "No man hath seen God at any time." This absolute declaration of one of the apostles of the Christian Church proves that they accepted, as metaphorical, the literal terms in which the first communications between man and his Creator are narrated in the Jewish Scriptures. It is not necessary to suppose that the Almighty was seen by his first human creature walking in bodily form in a garden "in the cool of the day." The strong impressions of a spiritual presence and of spiritual communications which have been the turning-point in the lives of men living in the bustle of a busy and corrupted world, may well have been even more vivid and more immediate when the first "being worthy to be called a man" stood in this world alone. The light which shone on Paul of Tarsus on the way to Damascus may have been such a light as shone on the father of our race. Or the communication may have been what metaphysicians call purely subjective, such as in all ages of the world do sometimes "flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." But none the less may they have been direct and overpowering. The earliest and simplest conception of the divine nature might well also be the best. And although we are forbidden to suppose the embodiment and visibility of the Godhead, we are not driven to the alternative of concluding that there never could have been anything which is to us unusual in the intimations of his presence. Yet this is another of the unobserved assumptions which are perpetually made — the assumption of an uniformity in nature which does not exist. That "all things have continued as they are since the beginning" is conceivable. But that all things should have continued as they were since before the beginning is a contradiction in

terms. In primeval times many things had then just been done of which we have no knowledge now. When the form of man had been fashioned and completed for the first time, like and yet unlike to the bodies of the beasts; when all their organs had been lifted to a higher significance in his; when his hands had been liberated from walking and from climbing, and had been elaborated into an instrument of the most subtle and various use; when his feet had been adapted for holding him in the erect position; when his breathing apparatus had been set to musical chords of widest compass and the most exquisite tones; when all his senses had become ministers to a mind endowed with wonder and with reverence, and with reason and with love — then a work had been accomplished such as the world had not known before, and such as has never been repeated since. All the conditions under which that work was carried forward must have been happy conditions — conditions, that is to say, in perfect harmony with its progress and its end. They must have been favorable, first, to the production and then to the use of those higher faculties which separated the new creature from the beasts. They must have been in a corresponding degree adverse to and incompatible with the prevalence of conditions tending to reversion or to degradation in any form. That long and gradual ascent, if we assume it to have been so, — or, as it may have been, that sudden transfiguration, — must have taken place in a congenial air and amid surroundings which lent themselves to so great a change. On every conceivable theory, therefore, of the origin of man, all this seems a necessity of thought. But perhaps it seems on the theory of development even more a necessity than on any other. It is of the essence of that theory that all things should have worked together for the good of the being that was to be. On the lowest interpretation, this "toil co-operant to an end" is always the necessary result of forces ever weaving and ever interwoven. On the higher interpretation it is the same. Only, some worker is ever behind the work. But under either interpretation the conclusion is the same. That the first man should have been a savage, with instincts and dispositions perverted as they are never perverted among the beasts, is a supposition impossible and inconceivable. Like every other creature, he must have been in harmony with his origin and his end — with the path which had led him to where

he stood, with the work which made him what he was. It may well have been part of that work — nay, it seems almost a necessary part of it — to give to this new and wonderful being some knowledge of his whence and whither — some open vision, some sense and faculty divine.

With argument so deeply founded on the analogies of nature in favor of the conclusion that the first man, though a child in acquired knowledge, must from the first have had instincts and intuitions in harmony with his origin and with his destiny, we must demand the clearest proof from those who assume that he could have had no conception of a divine being, and that this was an idea which could only be acquired in time from staring at things too big for him to measure, and from wondering at things too distant for him to reach. Not even his powers could extract from such things that which they do not contain. But in his own personality, fresh from the hand of nature, — in his own spirit just issuing from the fountains of its birth, — in his own will, willing according to the law of its creation, — in his own desire of knowledge, — in his own sense of obligation, — in his own wonder and reverence and awe, — he had all the elements to enable him at once to apprehend, though not to comprehend, the infinite being who was the Author of his own.

It is, then, with that intense interest which must ever belong to new evidence in support of fundamental truths that we find these conclusions, founded as they are on the analogies of nature, confirmed and not disparaged by such facts as can be gathered from other sources of information. Scholars who have begun their search into the origin of religion in the full acceptance of what may be called the savage theory of the origin of man — who, captivated by a plausible generalization, had taken it for granted that the farther we go back in time the more certainly do we find all religion assuming one or other of the gross and idolatrous forms which have been indiscriminately grouped under the designation of fetishism — have been driven from this belief by discovering to their surprise that facts do not support the theory. They have found, on the contrary, that up to the farthest limits which are reached by records which are properly historical, and far beyond those limits to the remotest distance which is attained by evidence founded on the analysis of human speech, the religious conceptions of men are seen as we go back in time to have been not coarser and coarser, but

simpler, purer, higher — so that the very oldest conceptions of the divine being of which we have any certain evidence are the simplest and the best of all.

In particular, and as a fact of typical significance, we find very clear indications that everywhere idolatry and fetishism appear to have been corruptions, whilst the higher and more spiritual conceptions of religion which lie behind do generally even now survive among idolatrous tribes as vague surmises or as matters of speculative belief. Nowhere even now, it is confessed, is mere fetishism the whole of the religion of any people. Everywhere, in so far as the history of it is known, it has been the work of evolution, the development of tendencies which are deviations from older paths. And not less significant is the fact that everywhere in the imagination and traditions of mankind there is preserved the memory and the belief in a past better than the present. "It is a constant saying," we are told, "among African tribes that formerly heaven was nearer to man than it is now; that the highest God, the Creator himself, gave formerly lessons of wisdom to human beings; but that afterwards he withdrew from them, and dwells now far from them in heaven." All the Indian races have the same tradition; and it is not easy to conceive how a belief so universal could have arisen unless as a survival. It has all the marks of being a memory and not an imagination. It would reconcile the origin of man with that law which has been elsewhere universal in creation — the law under which every creature has been produced not only with appropriate powers, but with appropriate instincts and intuitive perceptions for the guidance of these powers in their exercise and use. Many will remember the splendid lines in which Dante has defined this law, and has declared the impossibility of man having been exempt therefrom: —

Nell' ordine ch' io dico sono accline
Tutte nature per diverse sorti
Più al principio loro, e men vicine;
Onde si muovono a diversi porti
Per lo gran mar dell' essere; e ciascuna
Con istinto a lei dato che la porti.

Nè pur le creature, che son fuore
D' intelligenza, quest' arco saetta,
Ma quelle c' hanno intelletto ed amore.*

The only mystery which would remain is the mystery which arises out of the fact that somehow those instincts have in man

* Paradiso, canto i. 110-120.

not only been liable to fail, but that they seem to have acquired apparently an ineradicable tendency to become perverted. But this is a lesser mystery than the mystery which would attach to the original birth or creation of any creature in the condition of a human savage. It is a lesser mystery because it is of the essence of a being whose will is comparatively free that he should be able to deviate from his appointed path. The origin of evil may appear to us to be a great mystery. But this at least may be said in mitigation of the difficulty, that without the possibility of evil there could be no possibility of any virtue. Among the lower animals obedience has always been a necessity. In man it was raised to the dignity of a duty. It is in this great change that we can see and understand how it is that the very elevation of his nature is inseparable from the possibility of a fall. The mystery, then, which attaches to his condition now is shifted from his endowments and his gifts to the use he made of them. The question of the origin of religion is merged and lost in the question of the origin of man. And that other question, how his religion came to be corrupted, becomes intelligible on the supposition of wilful disobedience with all its consequences having become "inherited and organized in the race." This is the formula of expression which has been invented or accepted by those who do not believe in original instincts or intuitions, even when these are in harmony with the order and with the reasonableness of nature. It may well therefore be accepted in a case where we have to account for tendencies and propensities which have no such character — which are exceptions to the unity of nature, and at variance with all that is intelligible in its order, or reasonable in its law.

If all explanation essentially consists in the reduction of phenomena into the terms of human thought and into the analogies of human experience, this is the explanation which can alone reconcile the unquestionable corruption of human character with the analogies of creation.

For the present I must bring these papers to a close. If the conclusions to which they point are true, then we have in them some foundation stones strong enough to bear the weight of an immense,

and, indeed, of an immeasurable superstructure. If the unity of nature is not a unity which consists in mere sameness of material, or in mere identity of composition, or in mere uniformity of structure, but a unity which the mind recognizes as the result of operations similar to its own; if man, not in his body only, but in the highest as well as in the lowest attributes of his spirit, is inside this unity and part of it; if all his powers are, like the instincts of the beasts, founded on a perfect harmony between his faculties and the realities of creation; if the limits of his knowledge do not affect its certainty; if its accepted truthfulness in the lower fields of thought arises out of correspondences and adjustments which are applicable to all the operations of his intellect, and all the energies of his spirit; if the moral character of man, as it exists now, is the one great anomaly in nature — the one great exception to its order and to the perfect harmony of its laws; if the corruption of this moral character stands in immediate and necessary connection with rebellion against the authority on which that order rests; if all ignorance and error and misconception respecting the nature of that authority and of its commands has been and must be the cause of increasing deviation, disturbance, and perversion, — then, indeed, we have a view of things which is full of light. Dark as the difficulties which remain may be, they are not of a kind to undermine all certitude, to discomfit all conviction, and to dissolve all hope. On the contrary, some of these difficulties are seen to be purely artificial and imaginary, whilst many others are exposed to the suspicion of belonging to the same class and category. In some cases our misgivings are shown to be unreasonable, whilst in many other cases, to say the least, doubt is thrown on doubt. Let destructive criticism do its work. But let that work be itself subjected to the same rigid analysis which it professes to employ. Under the analysis, unless I am much mistaken, the destroyer will be destroyed. That which pretends to be the universal solvent of all knowledge and of all belief, will be found to be destitute of any power to convict of falsehood the universal instinct of man, that by a careful and conscientious use of the appropriate means he can, and does, attain to a substantial knowledge of the truth.

From The Argosy.

THE SHUT-UP HOUSES.

BY ISABELLA FVIVIE MAYO, AUTHOR OF "THE OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE,"
"THE MYSTERY OF DR. HARDY'S MARRIAGE," ETC.

IV.

"I WILL tell you my history," said Miss Turner, fixing a wistful gaze upon Mr. Duncan. "It will open floodgates that have been long closed, and probe wounds that only death can heal; but there is something that compels me to open my heart to you. Strange as that will be, it is not more strange than the fact of your being in this room, where for years no intruder has set foot."

Mr. Duncan did not speak, but the sympathy he felt needed no form of words to declare itself.

"I was born in this very-house," she went on, after a moment's pause, "and so was my sister Agatha, who died lately," and she named a date, which was thirty years back.

"When we were children we were the gayest of the gay. We had no mother, but our father indulged us in everything that was for our benefit. We had a carriage to drive in: we had excellent masters for the accomplishments that were taught in those days: we were taken to the hills and the sea for our health. We saw very little company, except gentlemen who used to come to see my father, apparently on business, and then stay and spend the evening. Very fine gentlemen they were. I've heard the highest titles in the land used in that room overhead, which was then the drawing-room. And they all paid great deference to my father, and had many compliments for Agatha and me. And sometimes we noticed some of the younger ones seemed very sad and gloomy, and we used to be so sorry for them. But when we grew to be young women, the gentlemen were never asked to spend the evening in the drawing-room, and if by any chance one did so, my father required us to keep our own rooms in the higher stories of the house.

"It was in those days that old Hannah came to be our servant—not a house-servant, but a sort of personal attendant for Agatha and me. And very soon after that, somebody came courting me. I will own that it was he I thought of when your strange message was sent in to me. He was none of my father's fine gentlemen friends, but the pupil of an architect whom my father had employed on some

of his property. My father was very angry about it, and it was then that Agatha and I first began to notice what solitary lives we had led, and how my father had withdrawn us from all kinds of society. It was not that my father objected to anything in my lover himself: he had made a great favorite of him even before I knew him, and while he spoke harshly to me of our affection for each other, he owned how good and clever he was.

"Years afterwards, when I found out all the truth of our history, I fancied my father had meant to take us far away—perhaps to the Continent—and introduce us where nothing would be known of us, except that we were a rich man's daughters. He said something like this to me when wanting me to break off my engagement; but I was so full of my love, with all its joy and pain, that I did not pay much attention except my own resolution to be faithful to the end."

She paused again for a moment, and then went on.

"I never knew much of Paul's family. He had no nearer kin than a married sister, who lived in France. So there was nobody to take our part. But I would have gone away and married him then and there, only that his health broke down, and the doctor said his one chance of life was a long voyage and a change of climate. I would still have married him at once and gone with him, but we had no money of our own, and all we could do was to weep and part, translating the doctor's forlorn 'one chance' into a brighter 'certainty.' I deceived myself, sir—if we did not deceive ourselves sometimes, I don't think we could endure life at all—but this I know, when I stole out to the docks to watch him go aboard his ship, I knew I should never see him again in this world.

"Everything went on the same at home. Father made believe to forget everything, and was as kind to me as ever—even kinder. But one day, after breakfast, he kissed us both and went out, as was his wont, and he never, never came home again. No, never," she said, springing up like a girl, "never. It's sixty years ago since I last saw him that day, and I know no more what happened to him than we knew that first terrible night."

"Oh, that has been a grievous trial," cried Mr. Duncan.

"You don't know what you're talking about," she said, with a sudden return to her quiet, commonplace manner. "No-

body knows what that is till they've tried it. Ah," she exclaimed, looking up, "that explains to me how mystery makes one fancy dreadful things! I went through and through the house, feeling as if father was shut up somewhere just out of our hearing. And when, in the course of the inquiries which were set on foot, strangers came about the place, I used to wonder whether this one or that one had murdered him."

"Terrible!" muttered Mr. Duncan.

"And then it came out that he had left great wealth behind him," she went on; "and also that he had made it by money-lending and bitter extortions. In the newspaper articles that were written about his strange disappearance he was called all sorts of bad names — 'old villain,' 'usurer,' and the like. And they were true. Only he was our father and had always been kind to us.

"There was worse to follow. It came out that our mother had not died when we were babies, as we had always been led to believe, but that she was divorced from our father for her own selfish wickedness, and had only died after we were grown up, and that we girls had known her name in the public prints as a shameful woman! And, oh! they made a ballad of it all, and sang it through the open streets. They sang it down here. We had to go into the back rooms not to hear it. And none of the neighbors sent them away," she added, with a vivid recollection of what had been the bitterest sting in that hour of humiliation — the sense of loneliness, the withdrawing of sympathy.

"I've heard one of your present neighbors speaking very kindly of you to-day," said Mr. Duncan.

"Ah, these present neighbors only know me old and miserable," she replied, with painful cynicism. "You see the others had to rejoice over the downcome of happiness, and beauty, and wealth."

"No, no; it is not good for you to think that!" cried Mr. Duncan. "You own your father had done wrong. By their love of justice, the people could not help feeling it meet when punishment overtook him. Because you loved him, you suffered with him, just as God suffers with us all when we sin and suffer."

"We had scarcely any money. Of course we could not touch our father's property while there was no proof that he was dead. The only person who came forward to act as a friend for us was an old attorney of my father's — a base, bad man, who was mixed up with all sorts of

wickedness. He managed our business for us somehow, and doled us out pittances from somewhere. Hannah was faithful to us. But the other servants left, partly because they were afraid their wages might not be paid, and partly, as they frankly told us, because they might lose their characters if they stayed with such discreditable people as they found we were. It was bitter. But I see now we had no right to demand others to sacrifice themselves for us.

"Agatha was quite different from me. She cried a good deal. She would have borne on somehow through those days. She would never have left off going to church. She would have gone on dealing with the old tradespeople, though they would give nothing except for ready money, and we had only pence to spend where once we had had pounds. Consequently, if ever a ray of sunshine had come near our lives, Agatha would have been there to catch it. But my blood was high and hot — it seems leaping and burning again to-day. Oh, why did you waken me? I had always taken the lead. I would not bear. I could not make the best of what seemed so bad. 'Let us shut ourselves up,' I said. 'We are three together faithful to each other. We are sacrificing very little: we shall not want the world till Paul comes back; all will then go well again.'

"Oh, it seemed such peace for a time! Such peace not to see the curious, sneering faces — not to have to parry the cruel, inquisitive questions. Agatha and Hannah, who had not liked the idea at first, owned I had been right, and were glad they had let me have my own way. We were almost happy. I dare say folks who have just escaped shipwreck don't notice at first that they are ashore on a desert island. I have got yards of lace which Agatha made in those days, intending them for my wedding dress! And then in the twilight we used to talk of what we should do when Paul came back.

"But he never came! I used to feel a strange sinking of heart sometimes when I read his letters; yet there was really nothing in them to prepare me for the end — when somebody else wrote, saying he was dead. I don't remember much about that time. I don't think that announcement letter was ever acknowledged. I know I never heard where Paul was buried. The days, and weeks, and months just went by.

"Do you suppose a day would come when we could say to each other, 'Now

let us go out into the world again'? Never. I was the one who had the force to shut the prison door upon us all, but I had no force left to open it. And what was there for us in the outside world? Nothing.

"The old lawyer went on doling us out pittance for years. He brought papers for us to sign sometimes; and we always signed them. He paid himself well for all he did for us or lent us; but had he stripped us of everything, I don't think we should have resisted. And when the old leases of our house property fell in, he said they could not be renewed, as there was nobody who could satisfactorily grant new ones. That is how those houses first stood empty. At last he told us that he believed we might now get a decree, whereby my father would be regarded as legally dead, and we should be able to act in his stead. And the very day that he got that rightly arranged — on his way to his home after telling us that we were now the mistresses of our own property — the poor old man dropped down dead in the street.

"Was this likely to send us back into the cruel world? What were we now but three women, disgraced, friendless, helpless, and ignorant of business — deprived of the one adviser on whom we had learned to lean? When the estate thus became ours, we found ourselves in possession, besides the houses, of a funded sum of money, on whose interest we have lived ever since as you see us now.

"We never meant things to be thus. Oh, sir! it would have needed unnatural strength to build such a jail for oneself, and walk into it, reading one's own sentence of sixty years' imprisonment. We were not unnaturally strong. We were rather unhealthily weak. At first we thought it would all end when somebody came home, who never came; and after that, when we did not know what to expect, we still seemed to expect something to come some day and deliver us.

"You can't tell how time slips by when all days are alike. Agatha died, poor thing. It's odd how often the people who can't do much else can generally do that quite easily. Hannah, the servant, and I drew together more than did Agatha, my sister, and I. I always felt that Agatha somehow lost her own will in staying with us: she did not give it in heartily. Now Hannah did. Agatha stayed here because she did not know what else to do. Hannah stayed because she chose it. She could easily have got

another situation, and she had her own friends and relations in the country. But she stuck to us all through, and we never had any other help or service till she was struck down by paralysis two years ago, and then we got the girl you saw. She is an orphan grandniece of Hannah, and was in a workhouse in Norfolk before she came here.

"It is nearly two years since Hannah spoke. I missed her awfully at first. I missed her, dead in life before my eyes, more than I had ever missed Agatha, dead in her grave. Hannah was a woman who spoke up, and laughed heartily; besides, she was the last I could converse with. I shall never see anybody else who knew Paul. But one grows used to anything. And I suppose God will let even Hannah and me die at last."

She spoke calmly, but almost as if she despaired of this last hope of the smitten. In truth, she had had her nervous horrors on that point. She had had recollections of the famous patriarch, Henry Jenkins, with his century and a half of earthly existence. At night she had had dreams of the weird legend of the wandering Jew.

Mr. Duncan felt his heart sink within him at the thought of this woman's life, past and present. "But, my dear madam," he cried, "this will not do. You may live for years yet. Do to-day what you feel should have been done years ago. Why, if I have to feel that you are still sitting here like this, and the old pain is still going on, I shall never be able to bear my own happy life, for the remembrance of what I have seen and heard from you to-day."

She shook her head gently. Then she stretched out her thin, blanched hand, and laid it softly on his arm.

"It is not pain now," she said; "it is part of myself. I am glad to have been reminded that I was not always so. It renews my hope that some day I shall be so no more. I shall die the sooner for your coming to-day; a very light breeze shakes off a dead leaf. God bless you."

"Nay, nay, but it is not our part to meddle with what is in God's hands," pleaded the young man. "To do right to-day is our business, and that will stand us in good stead, whether we die to-night or whether we live for fifty years longer. Now, I would not say to you, return to the noisy world and its ways; you do not want that now, and your sufferings have surely earned you the right to a quiet retreat. But take some kind thought and

care for others into your seclusion; for their sake, and no less for your own."

"I know nobody to think about," she answered simply. "You cannot imagine how it confused me when I had to get Alice—that is the girl—to come here. I tried my utmost to do all the work myself, so that no other human creature might be enticed to enter this doomed house. But Hannah was not quite unconscious at that time, and when she saw me at my housework, she used to cry and wail so that it was quite pitiful to hear her. And then she fretted about the great-niece in the poor-house, where none of her family had ever been before. It was more for Hannah's sake than my own that I permitted the girl to come here. And every time she comes into the room I ask myself, 'Is she to grow up like this?' I would not have taken a girl from her own home for worlds, but this was a poor orphan, left among strangers, and even this dismal life is better than the life to which, in my young days, I was told such girls often fall. But I feel as if I was letting Alice enter into the curse which has blighted us. You see, I do think of other people when I know them," she said forlornly.

Mr. Duncan saw his opportunity and rushed to seize it.

"Ah," he said, "the world, dear lady, is full of sin and sorrow, and needs all our help. The property which you have been led into allowing to lie waste, would educate crowds of little children, or solace hundreds of sick people, or help scores of young folk to start in life. If any of us have any means of doing good, God means us to use them to their utmost limit. He has given you the talent of wealth. Do not bury it in shut-up houses."

"You don't know what it is to be shut up for sixty years, with one's mind filled with images of crime and a bitter sense of wrong," she said. "Paul's vanished love—Paul's death—was the brightest thought I had, and you can understand if that was a diamond it was set in jet. I feel as if I had been in the dark, and you had come suddenly and let in a flood of sunshine. I am blinded. I can't talk more to-day. You have made me live more in one hour than I have lived in all these sixty years. You must come again."

"Certainly I will come again, if you will allow me," he answered. "But I should like you to have a talk with some friends of mine—through whom I heard the first

hint of your existence—the Rev. Mr. Lane, of St. Mitre's, Hay Hill, a prudent, just-minded man, and the parish doctor there, Dr. Bird, who knows all the best and safest ways of doing good."

"Mr. Lane—Dr. Bird," she murmured. "But I sha'n't want anybody but you. I shall not take to anybody else as I have taken to you. It was partly through your strange message—and partly through a look you gave. I suppose it cannot be—can it?—it is not possible that you can be any distant relation of Paul's? You have never heard such a name as Paul Desmoulins among your family connections?"

"No," said Mr. Duncan, "nor do I think I could ever have had a relation of that name. There has not been to my knowledge a foreign graft on our family trees since they were planted. My father was of Scotch descent and my mother was Irish, born and bred."

"Well, I supposed it could not be," she answered, "only certainly you are somehow like my Paul. You have a curious look of him just before we said 'good-bye' for the last time."

They spoke little more to each other after that. But she took his hand and led him to the old armchair, where the faithful maid Hannah sat, deaf, dumb, and motionless.

"One cannot be quite sure what she knows," said Miss Turner, with a strange softening. "Touch her hand. Good as I am sure you are, you may yet be proud to do that. She was faithful for sixty years. Perhaps her heart is alive still."

But if either the old woman or the young man vaguely expected responsive sign, they were doomed to disappointment. Miss Turner drew back with a heavy sigh.

"Go," she said, "or in a minute I shall begin to cry. And it is such pain. Go, but come back soon."

The little brown serving-maid was waiting in the hall to let him out. She had not been trained to render these civilities. She only obeyed a childish longing to see that kind face once again.

And when Mr. Duncan was again out in the street he felt like one newly awakened from a bewildering dream. Had he really spent the last hour in the same world with these crowds of people bustling to and fro, buying and selling? He lifted his hat from his head, and let the fresh breeze play on his forehead and call him back to a realization of the every-day side of life.

As he went away he turned and looked up at the frowning, shut-up houses. Murders? Ghosts? He felt that Miss Turner had spoken well when she said that there had been three slow murders; and he felt, too, that he had just left the presence of the most awful of ghosts—the ghost of a life.

And what had wrought it all?

Only such sins as remained too common among the masses, who would yet shrink appalled from this, their awful sum total. Among the people hastening past him, among the dwellers on Hay Hill and in Wharf Street were many who would have no right to throw a stone at the sinful woman whose shame had been so terribly visited on her daughters, or at the covetous man the labors of whose life had literally turned to dust and ashes.

"Heaven have mercy on us all," said the young lawyer to himself, solemnly. "We may know what we do, but we scarcely know what we leave undone."

V.

It came to pass that that was young Mr. Duncan's last long walk. He went out again two or three times: he took his aunt to a scientific lecture and there he caught cold, and then he went out next day in the rain to attend a law court in behalf of a poor old artist whose case he would not trust to anybody less keen and enthusiastic than himself.

As a consequence of all this, on the third morning he awoke in the clutches of his very familiar enemy, bronchitis. Nobody thought much of it: it is a common fact of experience that people seldom die of their chronic maladies. His aunt Rachel at first felt inclined to give him the usual lecture he received on these occasions, but there was something in his aspect which checked her remonstrances. But every time she came in and out of the sick-room her face was more and more grave. And yet when, at last, the elder maidservant, noticing this, grew grave too, Aunt Rachel felt as if she resented it. And Dr. Bird called—and called back again.

But it was quite late on the third evening after his first seizure that the type of his disease changed. Poor Aunt Rachel, who had nursed him through a dozen such attacks, and knew every step of the way, suddenly found herself on new ground.

The light of consciousness faded from the kind eyes: the cheery voice began to murmur of things which Aunt Rachel,

stooping tenderly over her dear nephew, could not altogether understand.

There were some men about Hay Hill who had "thought Duncan rather soft," who, perhaps, had secretly chuckled over cheating him. He spoke of them once or twice. Perhaps they might not have liked to hear what he said. But the wandering mind did not dwell on the dark side. It went off to ancient kindnesses and pleasures. Poor Mr. Duncan, in his delirium, thanked sundry people over and over again for very infinitesimal favors received years and years before.

Then he turned to what he wanted to do. He fretted a little about the poor old artist and his unfinished lawsuit. He whispered about little presents he would like given to this one or to that. These were the thoughts of his first patient days of illness suddenly made audible. Aunt Rachel sat with straining ears. But there was a great deal she could not understand.

And then towards morning there was an awful silence. And when the street was once more astir, the blinds of Mr. Duncan's house were drawn.

"He spoke much about some old lady," said Aunt Rachel, when it was all over, and she sat dry-eyed, as brave women do sit, as long as there is something for them to do for sake of their beloved one. "He seemed so desirous to help her. Look over the list of the clients for the old lady," she directed the clerk, "and then we must take care that she gets some other trustworthy adviser, now he is gone. But where shall we find one like him!"

The clerk looked carefully through the list of clients, through the "callers' book," and through the recent correspondence; but he could find no clue to any such person as his master's dying words had indicated.

Aunt Rachel had to get through her days of trial as best she could. There was plenty for her to do. She persisted in seeing everybody who called seeming to have any business with him. The old maidservant could not understand her mistress. "I know how Miss Rachel loved him," she said, "an' I'm feared her head's going wrong."

In this troubled state of mind she was sweeping out the entry on the morning of the funeral, when a little pale, shy girl in a brown gown came timidly up to the door, and asked if a Mr. Duncan lived there—somebody had sent her for him. The old servant gave a side glance at the

girl's shabby dress and meagre appearance, and did not even pause in her sweeping while she abruptly replied that Mr. Duncan was dead. Nor did she inquire for any name or address; she did not want to have such to deliver to her poor, overburdened mistress. Her heart softened a little when she saw that the girl began to cry as she descended the steps, but it hardened again with the reflection that tears cost nothing, and are sometimes given in exchange for a great deal.

That afternoon Aunt Rachel stood weeping at her nephew's new grave in a far-off Kentish churchyard, and on Hay Hill neighbors and townfolk exchanged solemn, kindly words about the good man they would see no more amongst them.

But nobody dreamed that in a shaded, silent house an old woman and an orphan girl wept bitterly for him whom they had seen but once, and now should see no more on earth. Miss Turner repeated to herself again and again the words of his strange message. And how nearly an angel's visit had his been!

Like a touch of golden sunset on a prison or a scaffold, his death had shed a sudden sweet pathos over a hard and bitter tragedy of sixty years' length. Eyes that had scarcely wept for more than half a century rained softly for him; and in that gentle rain the mists of dull despair were washed away, and the shores of heaven gleamed once more on the gray horizon of those blighted lives. God had not forsaken them.

Yet the shut-up houses did not change. All remained the same. Nobody could guess that a petrified heart had been suddenly stirred into divine discontent and diviner aspiration.

Outwardly all went on the same for two years. Only the grocer in Wharf Street noticed that all that time the little maid-servant attended church regularly, and occasionally went out apparently for a long walk. Also a daily newspaper was supplied to the recluse household, and a great many packets were left at the door by errand-boys.

But after two years had passed, the end came. One night the little brown maid presented herself, trembling, at Dr. Bird's door, and led off that astonished gentleman to Wharf Street. Miss Turner was ill. The doctor, knowing nothing of her constitution, was inclined to think hopelessly of matters, but she, herself, knew better. She knew she was dying, and she instructed him immediately to send a

nurse to help and cheer the maid in her dreary watching. Beyond this, she entered into no conversation with the medical man. He heard her name, of course, and having a strong suspicion who she was, he surveyed her dwelling and surroundings with considerable curiosity. But he found her reserved, and the young servant taciturn. Only he noticed in the dying woman an almost oppressive anxiety to consider the comfort and guide the understanding of those who would be left behind her.

The one confidence she reposed in him was on this line. She told him that, except for the young attendant, and a helplessly invalided old servant, she was quite alone in the world, but that there was a letter by her bedside, directed to the Rev. Mr. Lane, of St. Mitre's, which was to be given to that gentleman immediately after her death; and further, she charged Dr. Bird and the servant, in the presence of each other, to remember that all papers of importance would be found in a certain small oaken chest which stood on her toilet table.

She died quite quietly. She never alluded to her approaching end except by the minute arrangements she had made for it. She continued speaking to the little servant on ordinary matters till within an hour of her death; speaking, as the weeping girl afterwards reported, very cheerfully and kindly, with a strange impatient gladness in her manner. Then she lay in a sort of trance-like sleep till the end, when she opened her eyes and smiled. And with that smile on her face she died, and lay, so smiling, in her coffin.

Dr. Bird arrived on his regular visit an hour after her decease. He took possession of the letter to the clergyman, and as soon as he had given immediately necessary instructions to the nurse, whom he left in charge of the house and the grief-stricken Alice, he hurried off to deliver it to Mr. Lane.

It was brief enough. It simply repeated the instructions she had given the doctor as to her papers, and further stated that she had taken the liberty of appointing the clergyman and the medical man as her executors.

The particulars of her property were found with her will in the little oaken chest she had indicated, and it was only on examining these that Mr. Lane and Dr. Bird found that she was actually the owner of the shut-up houses, and of other property, which, well used, would be worth nearly three thousand a year.

Her will, which was drawn up by herself, but had evidently been submitted to some legal approval, was strikingly simple. The two gentlemen were named as her executors, certain sums were to be set aside as provision for her two servants, and all the remainder of her estate was to be applied to such charitable and beneficial uses as her executors should direct, only she prayed them to give due consideration, though not necessarily consent, to sundry suggestions of her own which they would find set forth in another paper, also in the box.

It became, of course, their duty to go through and examine the personal effects in the house.

But they found little to tempt their curiosity. There were no letters. Certainly few letters had come to that house for sixty years, and they decided that Miss Turner had destroyed those of prior date.

They did not know — nobody ever knew — that just before Miss Turner's coffin was closed, the girl Alice, obeying some of her dead mistress's instructions, had stolen to the death-chamber, and had slipped into the coffin, beneath the cold hand, a little packet of old foreign epistles and a tiny miniature of a young man in old-fashioned costume. The girl had looked at it as she hid it from sight forever. The face in the picture was so fresh, and young, and happy; the face in the coffin was happy too, but it was worn and old; for all the strange mockery of girlishness had faded from Miss Turner's face during the last months of her life. But the two were one still: all the long years and the dead silence had not quenched love. "God is love," murmured the girl Alice, whose mind had its busy workings in her strange, silent life, "so how could love die?" And she pressed one kiss on the little picture of him she had never seen, and another on the cold lips of her who had been her best friend, and then she shut the coffin-lid. And she felt as if she had shut them into their joy and rest, and herself out upon a bleak and lonesome world. And the nurse met her coming from the room, crying bitterly, and thought within herself that the odd, monosyllabic girl was showing a little feeling at last!

But the gentlemen knew of none of these things. They found old certificates, old law papers, old receipts, a few old profiles of gentlemen in tie wigs and ladies in elaborate turbans. They found costly old lace and quaint old jewelry,

and sundry knickknacks of less value, but pointing to some far-off girlhood of taste and accomplishment. They found nothing more.

But in the front parlor, which had been the dead woman's daily living room, they found a strange trace of modern life. There was a little pinched old bookcase filled with new books. There were books of recent biography and social science. There were books concerning education and every branch of good, progressive work going forward in the world.

"Singular, isn't it?" said Dr. Bird. "She seems only to have thought of these things lately. The very will, I observed, is dated only a month or two after those fools of women took their screaming fits in your church, which, if you remember, was just before poor Duncan's death, scarcely two years ago. From the very first time she sent for me, Lane, I have always wondered what put us into her head. Of course she had heard of you as a parish clergyman and a devoted, sensible man. But I can't understand how she ever heard of me, or came to send for a doctor from such a distance."

The clergyman could not understand it, either.

"She has not favored all the three professions," added Dr. Bird meditatively. "So we are free to choose what solicitor we will. If poor Duncan had been living I should have named him. Do you remember his asking you about Miss Turner, and your fancying he knew more than he showed. You see I was quite right when I say I didn't believe he knew anything. I dare say he was pondering whether he could hit on any plan to get the management of her estate into his hands. Quite legitimate and proper if it was so. Any man with his heart in his profession longs to do any bit of its work which is going undone."

"And he would have managed it honestly and well for her," observed the clergyman. "He was a fine, upright young fellow, and the parish misses him a good deal. He had a wonderful way with people, he could keep them in good temper: ay, and restore them to it, when they had got cantankerous."

And then they laid their heads together in consultation. They resolved to open the Hay Hill houses first, since these seemed to have been the most talked-of and romanced over. It had leaked out in the parish that the owner of these shut-up houses was dead, and that somehow Dr. Bird and the clergyman had assumed

the control of her property. Therefore, many sharp eyes were keeping special watch. So one afternoon it spread like wildfire that the doctor and the parson were in front of the houses, trying great, rusty keys in the damaged old locks. The errand-boys and shopmen rushed out madly, and stood around in grinning or breathless expectation. As for Miss Wince, she was very busy executing a wedding order, but when she heard the rumor she popped her head out of the window to see if it was true, and then threw on her bonnet and shawl, and peremptorily forbidding her apprentices to move, ran down-stairs, carrying a little band-box as an ostensible reason for her outing. She was on the spot just at the moment when the door gave way and permitted free access to the house she most wanted to see — the house next her own. But Miss Wince liked to look genteel, and she coquetted with her intense curiosity till Mr. Lane, who had heard of her stories, smilingly invited her to enter.

"Well, thank you, sir, I don't mind," she said. "I'm not in a particular hurry; only these boys are so rough and striving! But here's Mrs. Brown. We two will just go in together."

What was there to see? No bones: no blood-stains: no nailed-up closets. Only the broken potsherds and refuse left by the last outgoing inhabitants; even innocent marks on the walls where their little children—who must be old folks now—had stood proudly to measure their growth. But Miss Wince, once out of the clergyman's sight, grew as impatient as anybody, and pushing her way up-stairs, said significantly, and with a mysterious wink, "I did not expect to see anything down here. Come on, Mrs. Brown." And Mrs. Brown, fat and puffing, came on. Nor did Miss Wince spare her till they reached the attic floor, where she turned and said, with still deeper significance, —

"Does the wind have two voices? Do rats swear?"

Mrs. Brown shook her head, too breathless to answer, and they both entered the big, low attic, which in this house formed the whole of the topmost story. Their feet were the first which fell here, and they left a mark on the dusty floor, almost as they might on the sands of the sea. There was nothing to be seen but a few broken boards and bottles. Yes; something more. In that corner of the chamber near Miss Wince's bedroom lay a crumpled paper. Miss Wince pounced

upon it with a cry of delight, which, however, ended in a prolonged "O—oh" of disappointment. The papers were a *Police News* and another common weekly print. They bore a date only about two years and a half back, and in the newspaper was a police advertisement for the apprehension of two men accused of burglary. Some tramps—it might well be the very men the police were hunting—had carried in these treasures with them, when they found what had proved a secure retreat.

Miss Wince recovered herself speedily. She quite forgot she had ever thought of ghosts. "You'll believe me another time, won't you?" she said, with a mild steadiness. "I knew it was not the wind. I knew it was not rats. Their language made my very blood run cold, and I might have been murdered in my bed. Would you have believed me then? Or would you have said I'd killed myself, and buried me under the lamp post at the four corners? There's been a many so dealt with, I do—firmly—believe."

But time has passed on, and all the shut-up houses have been pulled down. In Hay Hill the ground they covered is now occupied partly by a large foundation school and partly by a building which is used for literary and scientific classes and lectures, with a public reading-room, in all which Mr. Lane takes a warm and active interest, and which he finds a wonderful ally to his teaching in the neighboring church. Hay Hill is greatly beautified by the change. The new buildings are of red brick faced with white freestone. Mr. Lane has caused evergreens to be planted within the railings which protect the front, as well as in the great stone vases which flank the wide steps. A little open space separates these buildings from the neighboring houses, and there he has planted some limes, and built a fountain, and put up a seat.

There is a dove-cot, too, whose gentle inmates the schoolchildren feed. It is very fresh and pretty already, and when the trees are fully grown there will be a cool, refreshing shade, beneath which old folks will sit and talk wisdom, and young lovers will come and say things most interesting to each other.

The shut-up house in the lawyers' quarter has been rebuilt, with all the modern improvements for people occupied with sedentary and studious business. The upper floors are let as offices, and command large rentals, which are devoted to salary a lawyer who occupies the ground-

floor, and who is to hold his time and talents at the disposal of poor people who need legal advice, and to render them legal help when their cause is righteous.

When the great houses in Wharf Street were pulled down, they and their long, forlorn gardens left an enormous clearing. This was turned into an open quadrangle, about whose sides were built open, stall-like shops for the sale of fish, vegetables, and meat under the strictest supervision as to freshness and purity. In the centre of the quadrangle is a great stand for the sale of flowers and plants. Over the stalls are rows of neat little rooms where young orphan girls are trained in domestic service and in attendance on the sick, the inmates of the rooms being the helplessly aged or the hopelessly crippled — the rent of the stalls and the income of the remainder of Miss Turner's property being devoted to their maintenance. Her old servant Hannah died here, a well-authenticated centenarian; and in due time the girl Alice was qualified to act as matron to the homely institution.

It is a pretty sight on a summer day to see the contented-looking old folks sitting at their little windows watching the busy scene below, while their little attendants bustle to and fro, and every now and then the white-capped matron passes with a gentle smile and a quiet word. She wears a brown dress still; and though she is the kindest of the kind, the tenderest of the tender, her tongue has never grown swift and her shyness has not vanished. She has never broken down the reserve in which she shrouds the years she spent with Miss Turner, and all that happened therein.

Aunt Rachel left St. Mitre's parish soon after her dear nephew's death. But years afterwards, when she was growing quite an old woman, she came up on a visit, and was, of course, taken to see all the wonderful improvements. She owned they were beautiful and good. Only she could not help liking best the places that were not changed — the places which remained exactly as *he* had seen them.

There was not much change in St. Mitre's itself, and she lingered after weekday morning service, and went up and down the aisles, looking at the old carvings and the familiar memorial stones. Suddenly she paused and said aloud: "This is new."

"Yes," said Mr. Lane, who had left his vestry and come up behind her. "That is new."

It was a stained glass window, very cool and soft in its coloring. It was in two divisions, neither of them very large. In one was a figure of our master just as he turned to bless the sick woman who touched him in the crowd; and in the other was the figure of the sower scattering his seed on rock, and bramble, and good ground. And beneath the one was the inscription, "The bruised reed thou shalt not break, and the smoking flax thou dost not quench;" and beneath the other, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

"That's beautiful," said Aunt Rachel. "That's exactly what I should have liked to put up to the memory of my boy. The figures and the words, too, would suit him exactly. I like stained glass windows for memorials: they are types of our own tender memories, with the light of the world shining from behind them."

"There is a strange little history about that window," narrated Mr. Lane, as they left the church together. "It was put up by the young woman who was Miss Turner's servant, and who is now matron of the Home of Rest in Wharf Street."

"Was it not rather an expensive undertaking for her?" asked practical Aunt Rachel.

"Well, certainly it was," answered he. "And when she came to me and proposed it (she is a very still, reserved person) I ventured to hint as much. She was not at all offended; only she reminded me that, besides her salary as matron, she possessed Miss Turner's annuity, and that since she had held her present position she had saved up three entire years' annuity for this very purpose."

"A singular fancy!" said Aunt Rachel, interested.

"So I thought," returned Mr. Lane. "I was always interested in the young woman. I am sure there is a great deal in her if it would only come out. But I am afraid she has formed an incorrigible habit of reserve. Some of these shy people do not open their minds, I fancy, for fear of being intrusive. 'Is it a memorial window?' I asked. 'Yes,' she said simply. 'Of your mistress, Miss Turner?' I further inquired, flattering myself I was getting to the truth. 'No,' she said, 'I don't think — No, I would not put up that sort of memorial for her.' 'And would you like no name or initial introduced into the plan?' I asked; for she had made every preparation, and had

brought the drawings with her. 'No, thank you, sir,' she said."

That evening Aunt Rachel asked to be taken to see the Home of Rest. She chatted with the old people and exhorted the little servants. But when she was introduced to the matron she drew her aside and took her quiet face between her trembling old hands.

"And so you put up that pretty window at St. Mitre's," she said. The matron's pale face flushed. "It is such a window as I should have liked to put up for somebody I loved," Aunt Rachel went on; "but I am old, and my means are scanty, and I could not do it. Thank you for doing it for me. It will stand for two as well as for one. What love does for love anywhere speaks for love everywhere. God bless you."

The matron's face flushed deeper. She trembled a little. When the old lady was gone she went down-stairs and looked in the visitors' book. She found there the name of Miss Rachel Blacklaw.

She did not know that name; she knew nothing of Mr. Duncan's aunt. Yet somehow she felt she would have liked to tell that old lady to whose memory she had dedicated that window. Only she always felt it had been great presumption in her to do it!

From Fraser's Magazine.

IN UMBRIA.

A STUDY OF ARTISTIC PERSONALITY.

THE autumn sun is declining over the fields and oak woods and vineyards of Umbria, where—in the wide, undulating valley, enclosed by high rounded hills, bleak or dark with ilex, each with its strange terraced white city, Assisi, Spello, Spoleto, Todi—the Tiber winds lazily along, pale green, limpid, scarce rippled over its yellow pebbles, screened by long rows of reeds and thinned, yellowing poplars, reflecting dimly the sky and trees, the pointed mediæval bridges and the crenelated towers on its banks; so clear and placid that you can scarcely bring home to yourself that this can really be the Tiber of Rome, the turbid mass of yellow water which eddies sullenly mournful round the ship-shaped island, along by Vesta's temple, beneath the cypressd Aventine, and away into the desolate Campagna. Gradually, as the sun sinks, the valley of the Tiber fills with golden

light moving along, little by little, travelling slowly up the wooded hillocks; covering the bluish mountains of Somma and Subasio with a purple flush, making the white towns rosy on their flanks, and then dying away into the pale amber horizon, rosy where it touches the hill, pearly, then bluish where it merges imperceptibly into the upper sky. Bluer and bluer become the hills, deeper and deeper the at first faint amber; the valley is filled with grey-blue mist; the hills stand out dark blue, cold, and massive; the sky above becomes a livid rose-color; there is scarcely a filament of cloud, and only a streak of golden orange where the sun has disappeared. There is a sudden stillness, as when the last chords of a great symphony have died out. All the way up the hill on which stands Perugia we meet the teams of huge oxen, not merely white, but milky, with great, deep, long-lashed eyes, swaying from side to side with their load of wine-vats; and the peasants returning home from ploughing up the last corn stubble. All is peaceful and very solemn, more so than after sunset in other places, in this sweet and austere Umbria, the fit home of the Christian revival of the early Middle Ages. And it makes us think, this beautiful and solemn evening, of the little book which epitomizes all the emotions of this new birth, of this charming new childhood of humanity, when the feelings of men seem to have somewhat of the dewy freshness of dawn. The book is the "*Fioretti di San Francesco*," a collection of legends and examples relating to the cycle of St. Francis of Assisi by some monk or monks of the end of the thirteenth century. Flowerets they may well be called—flowers such as might grow, green and white-starred and delicately pearly with gold, in the thick grass across which dance Angelico's groups of the blessed. Yet with a certain humaneness, a certain reality and naturalness of sweetness, such as the great paradise painter, with his fleshless madonnas, his glory of radiant, unearthly draperies and golden skies, never could have conceived. A singular charm of simplicity and lucidness in this little book; no fever visions or unhealthy glories; an earnestness not without humor; there is nothing grim or absurd in the credulity and asceticism of these Umbrian saints. The asceticism is so gentle and tender, the credulity so childish and poetical, that the ridiculous itself ceases to be so. These monks, so far from being engrossed with the care of their own souls, or weighed down by the

dread of hell, seem to have awakened with perfect hope and faith in celestial goodness, with perfect desire to love all around them in the most literal sense: religion for them is love and reliance on love. The gentleness with which they admonish the sinning and backsliding, the confidence in the inner goodness of man, from whose soiled surface all evil may be washed, extends in these men to the whole of creation, and makes them fraternize with beasts and birds, as is shown, with a delicate, slightly humorous grace, in the stories of St. Francis and the turtle doves, and of the ferocious wolf, *Frate Lupo*, of Gubbio, whom, rather than kill, it pleased the saint to bring round to harmlessness by fair words, expostulations, and faithfully kept promises, expecting from the wolf fidelity to his word as much as from a human being. There is in this little book a vague, floating, permeating life of affection, of love unbounded by difference of species. Communion with all men, with Christ, with angels, with doves, and with wolves; the force of love bringing down God and raising up brutes to the level of these saints. And as we think over the little book we feel in a way as if we, to whom Francis and his companions are mere mortal men, and the tales of the "*Fioretti*" mere beautiful fancies, hollow and sad for their very sweetness, were looking down upon a sort of holy land, as we look down in the white twilight upon the misty undulations of this solemn and beautiful Umbria.

A serene country, neither rugged and barren, nor flat and fertile, not the grey, sharp Florentine valley, whose thin soil must be irrigated and ploughed, and on whose hillsides the carefully nurtured olives are stunted with winter wind and summer scorplings, where every outline is clear and bone-like in that same hard, light atmosphere which, as Vasari says, makes all appear hard and clear and logical to the minds of the Florentines. Not the endless flatness and fruitfulness of Lombardy, where the mists steam up in the evening golden round the great misty golden descending sun-ball, and the buildings flush like the cheeks of Correggio's joy-drunk seraphs, and the thin, clear outline of the rows of poplars looks against the sky like the outshaken golden hair combed into minute filaments of one of Lionardo's women. Nor the dreary wastes of sere oak woods and livid sandhills of Orvieto; nor the sea of lush vegetation gilded by the sun, merging into the vaporous damp blue sky of the plain

of Lucca. None of these things is the Tiber valley, not harsh nor poor nor luxuriant; sober and restrained, without excess or scantness; an undulating country of pale and modest tints, and, save in the distant Apennine tops, of simple outline, with what glory of colors it may have, due mainly to sky and sunset and cloud, and even in that more chaste than other parts of Italy; neither poor nor rich, without the commerce of Lombardy or the industry of Tuscany, wholly without any intellectual movement; rural, believing, with but little of the imported influence of revived paganism, and still much of the clinging moral atmosphere of Christian contemplation and ecstacy of the days of St. Francis. Such is this isolated Tiber valley, whose skies and whose legends are so perfectly in harmony, and in it was born, of the country and of the traditions, a special, isolated school of art.

Is it a school or a man? a school concentrated in one man, or a man radiating into a school? There are a great many men all about the one man Perugino, masters or pupils; the first seem so many bungled attempts to be what he is, the second so many disintegrations of him. Even the more powerful individualities are lost in his presence; at Perugia we know nothing of the real Pinturicchio, the bright, vain, thoughtless painter of the pageant scenes, brilliant like pages of Boiardo's fairy tales, on the walls of the Sienese Library. Raphael is no separate individual, has no personal qualities before he leaves Perugia. Everything is Perugino, in more or less degree. The whole town, nay, the surrounding country, is one vast studio in which his themes are being developed, his works being copied, his tricks being imitated. A score of artists of talent, one or two like Lo Spagna and the young Raphael, of first-rate powers; and a host of mere mechanical drudges, give us, in all Perugia, nothing new, nothing individual, no impression which we can disentangle from the general, all-pervading impression given by the one man Perugino. The country, physical and moral, has exhausted itself in this one artistic manifestation. One not merely; but unique and one-sided. What Perugino has done has been done by no other master; and what Perugino has done is only one thing, and that to all eternity. The sense of complete absence of variety, of difference; the impression of all being reduced to the minimum of everything; the vague consciousness that all here is one, isolated and indivisible,

which haunt us all through the churches and galleries of Perugia, pursue us likewise through all the works of the school, that is to say, of Perugino himself. This unique school, consisting in reality of a single man, possesses only one theme, one type, one idea, one feeling; it does, it attempts, but one thing, and that one thing means isolation, concentration, elimination of all but one single mood.

It is the painting of solitude, of the isolated soul; alone, unaffected by any other, unlinked in any work, or feeling, or suffering, with any other soul, nay even with any physical thing. The men and women of Perugino are the most completely alone that any artist ever painted; alone though in fours, or fives, or in crowds. Their relations to each other are purely architectural: it is a matter of mere symmetry, even as it is with the mouldings or carvings of the frame which surrounds them. Superficially, taken merely as so many columns, or half arches of the pinnacled whole of the composition, they are, in his larger works, more rigorously related to each other than are the figures of any other painter of severely architectural groups; compared with Perugino, the figures in Bellini's or Mantegna's most solemn altar-pieces are irrelevant to each other: one saint is turning too much aside, another looking too much on his neighbor. Not so with Perugino: his figures are all in relation to one another. The scarf floating in strange, snakelike convolutions from the shoulder of the one angel flying, cutting across the pale blue air as a skater cuts across the ice, floats and curls in distinct reference to the ribbons which twist, like lilac or yellow scrolls, about the head and neck of the other angel; the lute, with downturned bulb, of the one seraph, his shimmering purple or ultramarine robe clinging in tight creases round his feet in the breeze of heaven, is rigorously balanced by the viol, upturned against the stooping head, of his fellow-seraph; the white-bearded anchorite stretches forth his right foot in harmony with the outstretched left foot of the scarlet-robed cardinal; the dainty, arch-angelic warrior, drolly designated as Scipio, or Cincinnatus on the wall of the Money-Changers' Hall, turns his delicate, quaintly crested head, and raises his vague-looking eyes to match the upturned plumed head of the other celestial knight. All the figures are distinctly connected with each other; but they are connected as are the pillar-ets, various, but different, which balance each

other in length and thickness and character, a twisted with a twisted one, a twin, strangely-linked pair with another such, on the symmetrically sloping front of some Lombard cathedral: the connection is purely outer, purely architectural; and the solitude of each figure as a human being, as a body and a mind, is only the more complete. There is no grouping in these cunningly balanced altar-pieces; there is no common employment or movement, no action or reaction. Angels and warriors and saints and sibyls stand separate, the one never touching the other, apart, each alone against the pale greenish background. They may look, the one towards the other, but they never see each other. They exist quite single and isolated, each unconscious that there is any other. Indeed, there is no other; in reality, every one is in complete solitude; it is only the canvas which makes them appear in the same place. They are not in the same place; or rather there is no place: the soft, green field, the blue hills, darkening against the greenish evening sky, the spare, thinly-leaved little trees, the white tower in the distance, this little piece of Umbrian country has nothing to do with any of them. They, or rather each singly, is nowhere. Place, like subject and action, has been eliminated; everything has, which possibly could. The very bodies seem reduced to the least possible: there is no interest in them; all is concentrated upon the delicate, nervous hands, on the faces; in the faces, upon eyes and mouth, till the whole face seems scarcely more than tremulous lips, half parted, raised avidly to kiss, to suck in, the impalpable; than dilating pupils, straining vaguely to seize, to absorb, to burn into themselves the invisible. It is the embodiment, with only as little body as is absolutely required, of a soul; and that soul simplified, rarefied into only one condition of being: beatitude of contemplation. As place and action have been eliminated, so also has time: they will forever remain, alone, in the same attitude; they will never move, never change, never cease; there exists for them no other occupation or possibility. And as the bodies are separate, isolated from all physical objects, so is the soul: it touches no other human soul, touches no earthly interest; it is alone, motionless, space of time and change have ceased for it: contemplating, absorbing for all eternity that which the eye cannot see, nor the hand touch, nor the will influence, the mysterious, the ineffable.

Are they really saints and angels, and prophets and sibyls? Surely not—for all such act or suffer; for each of these there is a local habitation, and a definite duty. These strange creatures of Perugino's are not supernatural beings in the same sense as are those robed in iridescent, impalpable glory of Angelico; or those others, clothed in more than human muscle and sinew, of the vault of the Sistine. What are they? Not visions become concrete, but the act of vision personified. They are not the objects of religious feeling; they are its most abstract, intense reality. Yes, they are reality. They are no far-fetched fancies of the artist. They are the souls and soul-saturated, soul-moulded bodies which he saw around him. For in that Umbria of the dying fifteenth century—where the old cities, their old freedom and industry and commerce well nigh dwindled to nothing, had shrunk each on its mountain-side into mere huge barracks of mercenary troops or strongholds of military bandit nobles, continually besieged and sacked and heaped with massacre by rival families and rival factions; where in the open country, the villagers, pent up in fortified farms and barns, were burnt, women and children, with the stored-up fodder, or slaughtered and cast in heaps into the Tiber, and every year the tangled brushwood of ilex and oak and briars encroached further upon the devastated corn-fields and olive-yards, and the wolves and foxes roamed nearer and nearer to the cities—in this terrible barbarous Umbria of the days of Cæsar Borgia, the soul developed to strange, unearthly perfection. It developed by the force of antagonism and isolation. This city of Perugia, which was governed by the most ferocious and treacherous little mercenary captains, whose dark, precipitous streets were full of broil and bloodshed, and whose palaces full of evil, forbidden lust, and family conspiracy, was one of the most pious in all Italy. Wondrous, miraculous preachers, inspired and wild, were forever preaching in the midst of the iniquity; holy monks and nuns were forever seeing visions and curing the incurable; churches and hospitals were being erected throughout town and country; novices crowded the ever-increasing convents. Sensitive souls were sickened by the surrounding wickedness, and terrified lest it should triumph over them; resist it, bravely expose themselves to it, save or mitigate the evil of others they dared not: a moral plague

was thick in the air, and those who would escape infection must needs fly, take refuge in strange, spiritual solitude, in isolated heights where the moral air was rarefied and icy. Of the perfectly human, sociable devotion of the days of St. Francis, of the active benevolence and righteousness, there was now no question: the wolves had become too frightfully numerous and ravenous to be preached to like that Brother Wolf of the "Flowerets of St. Francis." Active good there could now no longer be: the pure soul became inactive, passive, powerless over the evil around, contemplating forever a distant, ineffable excellence; aspiring, sterile and, meagre, at being absorbed into that glory of perfect virtue at which it was forever gazing. This solitary and inactive devotion, raised far above this world, is the feeling out of which are moulded those scarce embodied souls of Perugino's. Those emaciated hectic young faces, absorbed in one ineffable passion, which in their weakness and intensity are so infinitely feminine, are indeed mainly the faces of women—of those noble and holy ladies like Atalanta Baglioni, living in moral solitude among their turbulent clan of evil fathers and brothers and husbands; the victims, or worse, the passive spectators, the passive accomplices of iniquity of all sorts, whom the grand old chronicler, Matarazzo, shows by glimpses, walking through the blood and lust-soiled houses of the brilliant and horrible Gianpavolos and Simonettos and Griffones of Perugia, pure and patient like nuns, and as secluded in mind as in any cloister. Theirs are these faces; and at the same time the faces which vaguely, confusedly looked down upon them, glorified reflections of their own, from above. These creatures of Perugino's are what every great artist's works must be—at once the portrait of those for whom he paints, and the portrait of their ideals, that is, of their intenser selves. He is the painter of the city where, in the Italian Renaissance, the unmixed devotional feeling, innate in the country of St. Francis, untroubled by Florentine scepticism or Lombard worldly sense, thrust back and concentrated upon itself by surrounding brutal wickedness, existed most intense; he is the painter of this kind of devotion. The very daintiness of accessory, the delicate embroidered robes, the long fringed scarves, the embossed armor, light and pliable like silk, which cannot wound the tender young archangels, the carefully waved and curled hair—all this is the

religious luxuriousness of nuns and novices, the one vent for all love of beauty and ease and costliness of the poor delicate creatures, worn and galled by their shapeless haircloth, living and sleeping in the dreary, whitewashed cell. This is unmixed devotion, religious contemplation and aspiration absolutely separated from any other sort of moral feeling. There is the destructive wrath of righteousness in the prophets of Michelangelo; and the gentleness of candor and charity in the Florentine virgins of Raphael; there is the serenity and solemnity of moral wisdom in Bellini, and the sweetness and cordiality of domestic love in Titian; there is even the half-animal, motherly love in Correggio; there is, in almost all the schools of Italian painting, some character of human goodness; but in Perugino there is none of these things. Nothing but the one, all-absorbing, abstract devotional feeling—intense, passive contemplation of the unattainable good; souls purged of every human desire or will, isolated from all human affection and action, raised above the limits of time and space; souls which have long ceased to be human beings and can never become angels, hovering half-pained, half-joyful in a limbo of endless spiritual desire.

Such is the work. Let us seek the master. Pietro Vanucci of Città della Pieve, surnamed Perugino, Petrus de Castro Plebis, as he signed himself, lived, as tradition has it, in a very good house in Via Deliziosa. Via Deliziosa is one of the many quiet little paved lanes of Perugia, steep and tortuous, looking up at whose rough scarred houses you forever see overgrown plants of white starred basil or grey marjoram bursting out of broken ewers and pipkins on the boards before the high windows, or trails of mottled red and green tomatoes, or long, crimson-tasselled sprays of carnation dangling along the broken, blackened masonry, crevassed and held together by iron clamps; where, at every sudden turn you get through some black and oozy archway a glimpse of green, sun-gilded vineyard and distant hills, hazy and blue through the yellow summer air. Here in the best part of the town, Perugino had his house and workshop. In the house, full of precious stuffs and fine linen and plate and everything which a wealthy burgher could desire, lived the handsome wife of the master; for whom he was forever designing and ordering new clothes, and whose beautiful hair he loved himself to dress in strange fantastic diadems and helmets of

minute plaits and waves and curls, that she might go through the town as magnificent and quaintly attired as any noble lady of the Baglionis or Antinoris or Della Staffas. In the workshop was the master and a host of pupils: Giannicola Manni, Doni, the Alfani, Tiberio d'Assisi: the exquisite anonymous stranger, of whom we know only as John the Spaniard; and perhaps that gentle, fair, feminine boy from Urbino, whom, in half womanish gear and with wonderful delicate feathers and jewels in his hair Perugino painted among the prophets in the Money-Changers' Hall. A workshop indeed. Not merely the studio of a master and his pupils, but an enormous fabric of works of devotional art; the themes of Perugino, the same saints, the same madonnas, the same angels, in the same groups, forever repeated, in large and small: some mere copies, others slightly varied or composed of various incoherent portions, by the pupils; some half by the master, half by the pupil, some possibly touched up by him, one or two wholly from his own exquisite hand. Things of all degrees of merit and execrableness, to suit the richest and the poorest; all could be had at that workshop, for Master Pietro had the monopoly of the art, good, bad, or indifferent, of the country. You could order designs for wood-carvings or silver ware; you could hire church banners, of which store was kept to be let out for processions at so much the hour. You could obtain men to set up triumphal arches of cardboard, and invent moulds for ornamental sweetmeats, like those of Astorre Baglioni's wedding; patterns, doubtless also, for embroidery and armor embossing; you could have a young Raphael Santi set to repeating some "Marriage of the Virgin," for a Sforza or a Baglioni; or some tattered smearer to copy a copy of some Madonna for a village church; or you could commission the master himself to go to Rome and paint a wall of Pope Sixtus's chapel. For there never was a manufactory of art carried on more methodically or satisfactorily than this one. There never was a commercial speculator who knew so well how much good and bad he could afford and venture to give; who knew his public so thoroughly. He had, in his youth and poverty, invented, discovered (which shall we call it?) the perfection of devotional painting, that which perfectly satisfied his whole pious Umbria, and every pious man or woman of more distant parts; a certain number of types, a certain expression, a

certain mode of grouping, a certain manner of coloring which constituted a perfect whole; a conception to embody which most completely he had in his youth worked like a slave, seeking, perfecting all that which belonged to the style: the clear, delicate color, the exquisite, never excessive finish, the infinitely delicate modelling of finger and wrist, of eyelid and lip, the diaphanous sheen of light, soft, scarcely colored hair on brow and temple and cheek; he had coolly turned away from everything else. The problems of anatomy, of perspective, of light and shade, and of grouping, at which in Florence he had seen men like Pollaiuolo, Ghirlandaio, Filippino, Lionardo, wasting their youth, he never even glanced at. No real bodies were required for his saints as long as he could give them the right wistful faces; no tangible background, no well-defined composition. All this was unnecessary. And he wanted only the necessary. When he had got the amount and sort of skill required for this narrow style, he stopped; when he had invented the three or four types of faces, attitude, and composition, he ceased inventing. He had the means of making a fortune. All that remained was to organize his mechanism, to arrange that splendid system of repeating, arranging, altering, copying, on the part of himself and his scholars, by which he could, without further enlarging style or ideas, furnish Umbria and Italy with the pure, devotional painting it required, in whatever amount and of whatever degree of excellence it might wish. He succeeded. True, other artists sneered at him, like that young Buonarroti, who had called him a blunderer; true, the Florentines complained that when he painted their fresco for them at St. Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi, he had cheated them, giving mere copies of works they had had twenty years before. About the judgment of other painters he cared not a fig; success was the only test. To the Florentines he calmly answered, that as those figures had pleased them twenty years before, they ought to please them now; that he at least was not going to seek anything new as long as the old sufficed. For men who grew old in constant attempts after new styles, new muscles, new draperies, like Signorelli yonder laboring solitary on the rock of Orvieto, spending years in cramming new figures into spaces which he, Perugino, would have finished in a month with six isolated saints and a bit of blue sky; or frittered away time in

endless sketches, endless cooking of new paints and trying of new washes, like Lionardo da Vinci; or who ruined themselves buying bits of old marble to copy, like crazy Mantegna at Mantua—for all such men as these Perugino must have had a supreme contempt. As long as money came in, all was right; new ideas, improvements, all such things were mere rubbish. Thus he probably preached to his pupils, and kept them carefully to their task of multiplying his own works, till his school became sterile and imbecile; and the young Raphael, in disgust, left him and begged the Lady Giovanna della Rovere for a letter to the Gonfaloniere Soderini, which should open to him the doors of the Florentine schools. With what contempt must not Master Perugino have looked after this departing young Raphael; with what cynical amusement he must have heard how the young fool, once successful, kept forever altering his style, wearing his frail life out, meditating and working himself into the hectic, broken creature whom Marc-Antonio has etched, seated fagged and emaciated on the steps before his work. We can imagine how Perugino descanted on all this folly to the other young men in his workshop. For he was a cynical man as well as a grasping; he saw no wisdom beyond the desire for money and comfort. He had begun life almost a beggar, sleeping on a chest, going without food, in tatters, giving himself no respite from drudgery, sustained by one idea, one wish—to be rich. And rich he had become; he had built houses on speculation at Florence, to let them out; and had farms at Città della Pieve, and land near Perugia. He had obtained all he had ever desired or could conceive desirable: safety from poverty. In other things he did not believe: not in an after life, nor in God, nor in good; all these ideas, says Vasari, could never enter into his porphyry-hard brain. "This Peter placed all his hopes in the good things of fortune, and for money would have made any evil bargain."

This is how Vasari has shown us Perugino. The unique painter of archangels and seraphs appears a base, commercial speculator, a cynic, an atheist: the sort of man whom you could imagine transfigured into a shabby, pettifogging Faustus, triumphing over the fiend by making over to him, in return for solid ducats, a bond mortgaging a soul which he knew himself never to have possessed. Some people may say, as learned folk are forever

saying nowadays, that all this is pure slander on the part of Vasari; and indeed, what satisfactory historical villain shall we soon possess, at the rate of present learned rehabilitations? Be this as it may, there remains for the present the typical contrast between this man and his works; and looking at it, other contrasts between noble art and grovelling artists vaguely occur to us; and we ask ourselves, Can it be? Can a pure and exquisite work be produced by a base nature? Can such anomaly exist—must the mental product not be stained by the vileness of the mind which has conceived it? Must we, together with a precious and noble gift taken from a hand we should shrink from touching, accept the disheartening, the debasing conclusion, that in art purity may spring from foulness, and the excellent be born of the base? It is a conclusion from which we instinctively shrink; feeling, rather than absolutely understanding, that it seems to strip the holiness from art, the worthiness, nay, almost the innocence, from our enjoyment. We feel towards any beautiful work of art something akin to love; a sort of desire to absorb it into our soul, to raise ourselves to it, to be with it in some manner united; and thus the mere thought that all this may be sprung from out of unworthiness, that this noble, century-enduring work may be the sister of who knows how many long-dead base thoughts and desires and resolves born together with it in the nature of its maker—this idea of contamination of origin, makes us shudder and suspect. Also, how many of us, of the better and nobler of us, have not often sickened for a moment as the thought quivered across their mind, of the foulness out of which the noblest of our art has arisen. But instinctively we have struck down the half-formulated idea as we dash away any suspicion against that which we love, and which our love tells us must be good. And thus, as a rule, we have persuaded ourselves that, though by a horrible fatality our greatest art—in sculpture, and painting, and music, and poetry—has oftenest belonged not to a simple and austere state of society, to the strong, manly days of Greece or Rome, to the first times of Christian abnegation and martyrdom, to the childlike angelic revival of mediæval Christianity, to the solemn self-concentration of Huguenot France or Puritan England; that it has not sprung out of the straightforward purity of periods of moral regeneration,

but rather from out of the ferment, nay, the putrescence, of many-sided, perplexed, anomalous times of social dissolution. That although our greatest art seems thus undeniably to have arisen in corrupt times, yet the individuals to whom we proximately owe it have been the nobler and purer of their day. Nay, we almost persuade ourselves that in those dubious times of doubt and dissolution, the spotless, the unshaken were in a way divinely selected, like so many vestal virgins, to cherish in isolation the holy fire of art. And we call up to our minds men noble and pure, like Michelangelo and Beethoven; we eagerly treasure up like anecdotes showing the gentleness and generosity of men like Lionardo and Mozart; trifling tales of caged birds let loose, or of poor fellow-workers assisted, which in our desire to trace art back to a noble origin seem to shed so much light upon the production of a great picture or great symphony. And yet, even as the words leave our lips, words so sincerely consoling, we seem to catch in our voice an unintentional inflection of deriding scepticism. So much light! these tales of mere ordinary goodness, such as we might hear (did we care) of so many a dull and blundering artisan, or vacant idler, these tales shed so much light upon the production of great works of art? A sort of reasoning devil seems to possess us, to twitch our little morsels of unreasoned consolation, of sanctifying, mystical, half-reasoning away from our peace-hungry souls. And he says: "What of Perugino? What of so many undeniable realities which this Perugino of ours, even if the purest myth, so completely typifies? How did this cynic, this atheist, come to paint these saints? You say that he was no cynic, no atheist, that it is all vile slander. Well, I won't dispute that: perhaps he *was* a saint after all. I will even grant that he was. But in return for the concession, let us examine whether the saints could not have been equally well painted by the traditional, unrehabilitated Perugino, Vasari's Perugino—not the real one; oh no, I will admit not the real one—by the typical Perugino; the man 'of exceeding little religion, who could never be got to believe in the soul's immortality; nay, with arguments suited to his porphyry intellect, obstinately refused all good paths; who placed all his hopes in the goods of fortune, and for money would have consented to any evil compact.' Nay, even by a Perugino a good deal worse."

An ugly, impertinent, little reasoning fiend within us; but nowadays we have lost the formula of exorcism for this kind of devil, and listen we must; indignantly, and with mind well made up to find all his arguments completely false. Think over the matter, now that idea is once started, we can no longer help. So let us discuss it with ourselves, within ourselves, the place where most discussion must forever go on. Let us sit here on the low, broken brick parapet, which seems to prevent all this rough, black Perugia from precipitating itself, a mass of huddled, strangled lanes, into the ravine below; sit, with the grey, berry-laden olives, and twisted, sere-leaved fig-trees with their little brown, bursting fruit, pushing their branches up from the orchard on the steep below, where the women dawdle under the low evening sun, sickle in hand, mowing up the long, juicy grass, tearing out wreath after wreath of vine and clematis, spray after spray of feathery bluish fennel, till their wheel-shaped, crammed baskets look as if destined for some sylvan god's altar, rather than to be emptied out into the sweltering darkness before the cows mewed up in the thatched hut, yonder by the straw-stack and the lavender and rose-hedged tank.

The question which, we scarcely know how, has thus been started within us, and which (like all similar questions) develops itself almost automatically in our mind, without much volition and merely a vague feeling of discomfort, until it have finally taken shape and left our consciousness for the limbo of decided points, this question is simply: What are the relations between the character of the work of art and the character of the artist who creates it? To what extent may we infer from the peculiar nature of the one the peculiar nature of the other? Such, if we formulate it, is the question, and the answer thereunto seems obvious: that as the peculiarity of the fruit depends, *cæteris paribus*, upon the peculiarity of the tree (itself due in part to soil and temperature and similar external circumstances), so also must the peculiarity of the spiritual product be due to the peculiarities of the spiritual whole of which it is born. And thus, in inverted order of ideas, the finite character of the fruit proves the character of the tree, the result argues the origin: there must exist a necessary relation between the product and that which has produced. If then we find a definite quality in the works

of an artist, we have a right to suppose that corresponding qualities existed in the artist himself: if the picture, or symphony, or poem be noble, and noble moreover with a special sort of nobility, then noble also, and noble in with that special sort of nobility must be the artistic organism, the artist, by whom it was painted, or composed, or written. And this once granted (which we cannot help granting), we must inevitably conclude that the man Perugino, who painted those wonderful spiritual types of complete renunciation of the world, could not in reality have been the worldly, unconscious atheist described by Vasari. So, at least, it would seem. But tarry a while. We have decided on analogy, and by a sort of instinct of cause and effect, that the work must correspond in its main qualities with the main qualities of the artist, of the artistic organism by which it is produced. Mark that we have said of the artist, or artistic organism. Now what is this artistic organism, this artist? An individual, a man; surely? Yes, and no. The artist and the man are not the same: the artist is only part of *the man*. How much of him depends upon the art in which he is a worker? The work is produced by the man, but not by the whole of him; only by that portion which we call the artist; and how much that portion is, what relation it bears to the whole man, we can ascertain by asking ourselves what faculties are required for the production of a work of art. And then we soon get to a new question. The faculties required for the production of a work of art may be divided into two classes: those which directly and absolutely produce it, and those which are required to enable the production to take place without interference from contrary parts of the individual nature. These secondary qualities, merely protective as it were, are the moral qualities common, in greater or less degree, to all workers: concentration, patience, determination, desire of improvement; they are not artistic in themselves, and are not more requisite to the artist than to the thinker, or statesman, or merchant, or soldier, to preserve their very different mental powers from the disturbing influence of laziness, or fickleness, or any more positive tendencies, vices, or virtues, which might interfere with the development of his talents. And of these purely protective qualities only so much need exist as the relative

strength of the artistic faculty and of the unartistic tendencies of the individual require in order that the former be protected from the latter: and thus it comes that where the artistic endowment has been out of all proportion large, as in the case of such a man as Rossini, it has been able to produce the most excellent work without much of what we should call moral fibre: the man was lazy and voluptuous, but he was, above all, musical; it was easier for him to be musically active than to be merely dissipated and inactive: the artistic instincts were the strongest, and were passively followed. When these moral qualities, merely protective and secondary in art, are developed beyond the degree requisite for mere protection of the artistic faculties (a degree small in proportion to the magnitude of the artistic instinct), they become ruling characteristics of the whole individual nature, and influence all the actions of the man as distinguished from the artist: they make him as inflexible in the pursuit of the non-artistic aims of life as in that of mere excellence in his own art. The timorous and slothful Andrea del Sarto is quite as complete an artist as the eager and inquisitive Lionardo da Vinci; but, whereas Andrea's activity stops short at the limit of his powers of painting, the increasing laboriousness and never satisfied curiosity of Lionardo extend, on the contrary, to all manner of subjects quite disconnected with his real art. When once the glorious fresco of the Virgin, seated, like a happier Niobe, by the mealsack, has been properly finished in the cloister of the Servite, Andrea goes home and crouches beneath the violence of his wife, or to the tavern to seek feeble consolation. But when, after never-ending alterations and additional touches, Lionardo at length permits Paolo Giocondo to carry home the portrait of his dubious, fascinating wife, he sets about mathematical problems or chemical experiments, offers to build fortresses for Cæsar Borgia, manufactures a wondrous musical instrument like the fleshless skull of a horse, and learns to play thereon, or writes treatises on anatomy: there is in him a desire, a capacity, for work greater than even his subtle and fantasticating style of art can ever fully employ. Such are the non-artistic qualities required, merely as protectors from interference, for the production of a work of art: the same these, whatever the art, as they are the same if instead of art, we consider science, or commerce, or any other em-

ployment. The artistic, the really, directly productive qualities, differ of course according to the art to which the work belongs, differ not only in nature but also in number. For there are some arts in which the work is produced by a very small number of faculties; others where it requires a very complex machine, which we call a whole individuality: and here we find ourselves back again before our original question, to what extent the impersonality of an artist influences the character of his work. We have got back to the anomaly typified by Perugino; back to it, and as completely without an answer to the problem as we were on starting. We have been losing our time, going round and round a question merely to find ourselves at our original starting-point. Not so: going round the question indeed, but in constantly narrowing circles, which will dwindle, let us hope, till we find ourselves on the only indivisible centre, which is the solution of the problem. For there are many questions which are like the towns of this same Umbria of Perugino; built upon the brink of a precipice, walled round with a wall of unhewn rock, seeming so near if we look up at them from the ravine below, and see every roof, and cypress-tree, and pillared balcony; but which we cannot approach by scaling the unscalable, sheer precipice; but must slowly wind round from below, circling up and down endless undulation of vineyard and oak wood, coming forever upon a tantalizing glimpse of towns and walls, forever seemingly close above us, and yet forever equally distant; till at last, by a sharp turn of the gradually ascending road, we find ourselves before the unexpected gates of the city. And thus we have approached a little nearer to the solution of the question. We have, in our wanderings, left behind one part of the ground. We have admitted that the work of art is produced not by the man, but merely by that portion of him which we call the artist; we have even dimly foreseen that the case may be that in one art the artist, that is to say, the art-producing organism, comprises nearly the whole of the mere individual; that the artistic part is very nearly the complete human whole. Now, in order to approach nearer our final conclusion, namely, whether the man Perugino could have painted those saints and those angels had he really been the mercenary atheist of Vasari, we must set afresh to examine what, in the various arts, are the portions of an individual necessary to

constitute the mere artist, that is to say, the producer of a work of art.

But stop again. Are we quite sure that we know what we mean when we say "a work of art"? Are we quite sure that we may not, without knowing it, be talking of two things under one name? Surely not: when we apply the word to one of Perugino's archangels, we certainly refer to one whole object. So far, certainly: we mean (let us put it in the crudest way) a certain amount of color laid on to a canvas in such a manner, and with such arrangements of tints and shadows, that it presents to our eyes and mind a certain form; a form which we define, from its resemblance to other forms made out of flesh and bone, the face and body of a young man; a form which, owing to certain constitutional peculiarities and ingrained habits of our mind, we also declare to a given extent beautiful. This form, moreover, distinctly recalls to our mind real forms which experience has taught us to associate with the idea of moral purity, self-forgetfulness, piety; simply because we have noticed or been told since our infancy that persons with such bodily aspects are usually pure, self-forgetful, and pious: because, without our knowing it, thousands of painters have accustomed us, by giving us such forms as the portraits of saints, to consider this physical type as distinctly saintly. This perception, that the form into which the colors on Perugino's canvas have been combined, is such as we are accustomed to think of in connection with saintliness, immediately awakens in our minds a whole train of associations: we not merely see with our physical eyes the combination of colors and lines constituting the form, but without mental eyes we rapidly and half unconsciously glance over all the occupations, aspirations, habits of such a creature as we conceive this form to belong to. We not merely see the delicate, thin, pale lips, thrown-back head and neck, and the wide-opened, dilated greyish eyes; we imagine in our mind the vague delights after which those lips are thirsting as the half-closed, pale flowers thirst for the raindrops, the ecstasy of fulfilled hope which makes the veins of the neck pulse and the head fall back in weariness of inner quivering; the confused glory of heaven after which those wide-opened eyes are straining: while our bodily sight is resting on the mere colored surface of Perugino's picture, our mental sight is wandering across all the past and future of this strange being whose bodily

semblance the artist has suddenly thrust upon us. All this is what we vaguely think of when we speak of a work of art. Perhaps we can so little disentangle our impressions and our fancies that their combination may thus be treated as a unity. But this unity is a dualism: the mere color arrangement constituting the form which we see with our bodily eyes, and with our bodily eyes find beautiful, is one half; and the whole moral apparition, conjured up by association and imagination, is the other. And, as far as so infinitely interwoven a dualism can be divided, coarsely, and leaving or taking too much on one side or the other, we can divide this dual existence into that which has been given to us by the artist, the visible, material form; and that which — association, recollection, fancy — has been added by ourselves to the artist's work. Of this dualism, therefore, of impression and fancy, only that portion of the work of art which is absolutely visible and concrete — the form, whether it exist in combined color and shadow, or marble mass, as in the plastic arts, or in partially combined and partially successive vibration and of sound, as in music; only this form is really given by the artist, is that which, with reference to his productive power, we can call the work of art. He may, it is true, have deliberately chosen that form which should lead us to such associations of ideas; but in so far he has been acting not as the artist, but as a sort of foreshadowed spectator, or listener; he has, before taking up his own work with the mere material, visible, tangible, audible realities of the art, stepped into the place to be occupied by ourselves, and foreseen, by his knowledge of the effects which he can produce, by his experience of what associations are awakened by each of his various forms, the imaginative activities which his yet unfinished work will call for in those who see or hear it. But he will, in so doing, be deliberately or unconsciously leaving his own work, forestalling ours; nay, the artist who says to himself, "Now I will paint a soul in a condition of ecstasy," is in reality transforming himself into the customer who would enter his workshop and say, "Paint me a figure such as your experience tells you suggests to beholders the idea of religious enthusiasm; copy the features of any religious enthusiast of your acquaintance, or put together such dispersed features as seem to you indicative of that temper of mind." All this, while the real artistic work has not be-

gun; for that begins when the artist first places before his easel the model for his archangel: either the delicate, hectic, little girlish novice-boy, or the distinct outline of the armed young angel existing in his mind and requiring only to be printed off into concrete existence. Thus the work of art is merely the externally existing, definite form; and not the ideas of emotions which, by the force of association, that form may awaken in ourselves. The archangel of Perugino, as much of it as is not created by ourselves, is merely a certain arrangement of color and light and shade which resembles a certain visible reality which we associate with the idea of a saint.

Now suppose we remove from the individual all the qualities which are not directly connected with the production of arrangements of lines and colors, and lights and shades. What shall we get? A creature which can perceive with infinite keenness, and reproduce with perfect exactitude, every little subtle line and tint and shadow such as escape ordinary men; a creature whose delicate perception vibrates with delight at every harmonious combination, and writhes, as if it would shatter to atoms, at every displeasing mixture of lines or colors. A living and most sensitive organism which feels, thinks, everything as form and color; fostered with the utmost care by other such organisms, themselves nurtured into intensity more intense than that with which they were born; forever put in contact with the visual objects which are, let us remember, the air it breathes, the food it assimilates; until this visual organism becomes beyond compare perfect in its power of perceiving and reproducing. Then, imagine this abstract being, this quivering thing of sight, placed in the midst of a country of austere, delicate lines, and solemn yet diaphanous tints; among the undulating fields and oak woods, beneath the pearly sky of Umbria; imagine that before it are placed, as the creatures most precious and lovely, the creatures whose likeness must forever be copied in all its intensity, youths, young women, old men, delicate and emaciate with solitude and maceration, with eyes grown dilated and bright from straining to see the glorious visions, the celestial day-dreams, which flit across their mind; with lips grown tremulous and eager with passionate longing for constantly expected, never-coming bliss; always alone, inactive, with listless limbs and workless hands, in the bare, un-

adorned cell or oratory; or if, coming forth, walking through the streets, passing through the crowd (giving way with awe), erect, self-engrossed, seeing and hearing nothing around, like one entranced. Let us imagine this organism, thus perfect for perceiving and reproducing all that it sees, forever in the presence of such lines and colors, such faces and figures as these; and then let us ask ourselves what this quite abstract, unhuman power will produce, what this artist, who is completely divested of all that which belongs merely to the man, would paint. What would that be, that work thus produced? What save those delicate, wan angels and saints and apostles, standing in solitary contemplation and ecstasy, those scarcely embodied souls, raised beyond the bounds of time and space, concentrated, absorbed in longing for heavenly perfection? And if this subtle visual organism, nurtured among these sights, should happen to be lodged in the same body as a sordid, base, cynical temper, can it be altered thereby? No indeed. The eye has seen, the hand has reproduced—seen and reproduced that which surrounds them—and inevitably, fatally, although eye and hand belonged to the man "who placed all his hopes in the good things of fortune, into whose porphyry brain no idea of good could enter, who for money would have concluded any evil bargain," the work thus produced by this commonplace, grasping atheist, Peter Perugino, must be the ideal of all purely devotional art. He was an atheist and a cynic; but he was a great painter, and he lived in Umbria, in the country of sweet and austere hills and valleys, in the country whose moral air was still scented by the "Flowerets of St. Francis."

This is the end of our long wandering, up and down, round and round, the question of artistic personality, even as we must wander up and down, round and round, before we can reach any of these strange Umbrian towns. And, as after long journeying, when we enter the city, and find that that which seemed a castle, a grand, princely town, all walled and towered and battlemented, is in reality only a large, rough village, with blackened houses and fissured church steeples, a place containing nothing of any interest: so also in this case, when we have finally reached our paltry conclusion that this painter of saints was no saint himself; we must admit to ourselves that to arrive at the conclusion was scarcely our real

object; even as while travelling through this country of Perugino we make our guide confess that what, in all this expedition, we were meant to see and enjoy, was not the paltry, deceptive hilltop village, but the sere-brown oak woods, tinged russet by the sun, the grey olive hills through which we have slowly ascended, and the glimpses of undulating grey-green country and distant wave-blue mountains which we have had at every new turn of our long and uphill road.

VERNON LEE.

From Temple Bar.

MERE CHATTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO HANDSOME PEOPLE, TWO JEALOUS PEOPLE, AND A RING."

"Only believe half that you see, and nothing that you hear."

"FIRST class, sir? One seat in here, sir—farther corner facing the engine."

There was no time to lose. The gentleman stumbled in, murmuring, "I beg your pardon," to the other five occupants of the carriage, as he stamped across their toes to his place, dragging his travelling-bag, a fur wrapper, a bundle of sticks and umbrellas, two or three newspapers half unfolded, and a "Bradshaw," with him. He flung his wrapper and his bag into the rack above his head. The bag stayed there, but the wrapper did not. For no sooner had he put his umbrellas and sticks upright in the corner of his seat, and the newspapers and the "Bradshaw" at the back of his seat, and had sat down, than it fell from the top, knocked off his hat, and fell in graceful, but heavy folds on his head.

Of course, by this time every eye in the carriage was directed towards him, and everybody felt very much disposed to smile, if not to laugh. If, however, his entry had been somewhat lacking in the dignity of repose, his exit, the very next minute, was decidedly eruptive in its nature.

He had no sooner struggled from out the embraces of his wrapper, emerging from them with a red, confused face, than his glance lighted on the little baby girl (who was fast asleep and snoring with her little mouth wide open) and the young lady who sat directly opposite to him. The young lady was very pretty—one could see that at the first glance—and when one looked again one could see that there was more in her face than mere

prettiness. But her dress and manner were too quiet to warrant the very evident, one might almost say tragic, start that he gave when he was able to look at anything and saw her sitting there before him.

Their eyes met. The young lady colored violently. There was an unmistakable look of entire recognition passed between them. The gentleman became purple, yet though he had paused in his struggles with his rebellious rug and sat staring at his *vis-à-vis*, neither of them spoke. The young lady turned away her head. And the gentleman sprang to his feet murmuring something about "Shouldn't of course have got in here, if I had known!" pulled down his bag, caught up his bundle of umbrellas and sticks, crammed his papers into his side pockets and under his arm, and stumbled back again across thirty or forty alarmed, shrinking toes, dragging his rug after him like a fur-lined train, tumbled himself and his belongings out on to the platform, and disappeared.

There was a simultaneous shout of laughter from everybody save the young lady. Even she smiled.

Where there are half-a-dozen strangers together, there is sure to be at least one indiscreet person among the number. One of the passengers, a lady of uncertain age, turned to the young girl whose hitherto gentle manner might perhaps have been supposed by her to indicate a meek character, and said: "What an odd person! you did not know that gentleman, did you, my dear? I thought he seemed to recognize you."

It is saying little to say that the young lady reddened at the question. She became crimson to the roots of her hair, not with confusion, but with honest displeasure at this indiscretion on the part of a total stranger.

She hesitated, however, before she answered, because she felt that if she spoke at once she should say something unnecessarily sharp, and she did not wish to do that. She waited, therefore, and after a moment's pause, during which her wrath accumulated, said very sharply indeed: "May I ask in what way that concerns you?"

The lady was startled.

"Oh dear me!" said she with over-polite emphasis. "In no way at all, of course. That person stared at you, and you did not resent it; so I presumed you knew him. Then he addressed you, and you turned away your head; so I was

quite sure you did not know him, or I should not have spoken."

"I do know him — intimately," said the young lady, after a slight pause.

"Oh! I'm sure I beg your pardon," said the indiscreet lady, smiling a very disagreeable smile — the sort of smile that baffled curiosity might find it consoling to exhibit.

The young lady thought of fifty things to say, and did not say them. She was of a very fiery, quick-tempered disposition; so she did not trust herself with further speech, but looked, in one glance, all the deep annoyance she felt, and, taking a book from her lap, deliberately turned her head away and began to read, fixedly and deliberately.

The look pierced through several strata of idle curiosity, self-satisfaction, and cool impertinence, until it reached the elder lady's inner consciousness, and that being not entirely invulnerable, it stabbed to the quick.

The curious lady suffered the pangs of well-deserved reproof, and reddened too; and for many miles of the journey there was nothing more said by any one.

Two of the passengers — those who had not spoken at all — got out by-and-by, and a gentleman got in, whom the indiscreet lady at once proceeded to attack conversationally, and between them there was a brisk interchange of small politeness: "Do you wish the window up or down?" "May I offer you a portion of my rug?" "Would you like to see *Punch*?" "Afraid it's going to rain." "Country looks very bleak." "Very cold for October."

By-and-by they discovered that their views respecting the conduct of affairs in Zululand were alike. Presently a cartoon in *Punch* led to their agreeing cordially that inebriation in the lower classes was a great evil; that led to their avowing a cordial approval of the new plate glass windows at the Bigford Junction refreshment rooms. Subsequently they were unanimous in considering "this Afghanisthan business" to be a very sad affair altogether; finally they were of opinion that Seaweed-on-Sea was a very desirable spot. They then found that they were going to the same boarding-house, and that they were both martyrs to a combined form of rheumatic bronchitis, and in an elderly and most sedate manner, were quite fluttered at the thought of many pleasant chats to come, and confessed to themselves respectively that their fellow-traveller was "an uncommonly agreea-

ble woman," and "a very well-informed man."

When the train stopped at a small station just before Seaweed is reached, the young lady, who had been quite absorbed in showing some pictures to the little baby girl who was now awake and rather fretful, looked up as if she had forgotten all annoyance, and said brightly, and to neither passenger in particular, —

"Oh! Is this Seaweed Fields?"

The gentleman now for the first time noticed how very charming was the face of the quiet young lady in the farther corner, and smilingly answered, —

"Yes. Will you allow me?" and proceeded gallantly to help her with her parcels, while she muffled up the little girl, who seemed to be very ailing, and called to a porter.

The other lady, however, turned her head away, and drew herself up with such an unmistakable air of "Pray don't come near me, or attempt to contaminate me," that it struck the gentleman quite forcibly. A woman of a certain age may fairly be supposed to know something about "which is which" and "who is who" in her own sex, and he gave the young lady another and a bolder look. It occurred to him then that so ought middle-aged men — and for the life of him he could not see anything in this pretty young woman's appearance or manner that might have alarmed the propriety of the most strict and severe of matrons.

He therefore assisted her to get out, helped out her little companion, and even got out himself — she was so very lovely! — and watched her as she retreated. Meanwhile his friend sat silent and disgusted in her seat. The young lady had bowed to her with perfect politeness when she left the carriage; but she had not been able to dismiss twenty thousand little imps of mischief and fun that had taken the place of the fiery London looks, and were dancing all over her face, as she did so. For she was hugely delighted at having so successfully baffled that lady's curiosity, and she was thinking to herself, "Ha! ha! you were dying, and are still dying, to know more, are you? Well then — you won't!"

Presently, the gentleman, having gazed enough, got into the carriage again, and said with no little warmth and boundless rashness, —

"What a very good-looking young lady!"

"Was she?" asked the other carelessly. "I couldn't very well stare at that sort of person, you know."

"Oh!—indeed! I didn't know. She seemed very ladylike."

"Possibly. Of course I know nothing whatever of her. They were already in the carriage when I arrived. But there was a very odd recognition between her and a gentleman in London, and he seemed most anxious to avoid her. There was evidently more than met the eye in the whole affair. But I know nothing whatever, except that her manner was — was — hardly ladylike at the time."

"Oh, indeed —"

"I suppose we are very near Seaweed now?"

"Yes — will you allow me to do up your wraps?"

"Oh! thanks so much,"

Two or three days later on, the morning had been damp and foggy, but the afternoon was so deliciously fine that Seaweed, *en masse*, seemed to have out come out to air itself and to stretch its legs on the parade.

Specially two gentlemen must be noticed, who were strolling up and down in gay and criticising mood.

"Here she comes. See, to your right. The girl with the eyes, and the red ribbon in her hat. To your right, man! quick," said gentleman No. 1.

The lady passed.

"Why! don't you know who that is?" inquired gentleman No. 2.

"No; who is it?"

"That's the girl that Mason was talking about — that there was the row about in the railway carriage."

"By George!"

"Yes — the people where he is staying, one or two of them, were in the same compartment when it took place. The man was obliged to get into another carriage."

"What on earth did she do?"

"Boxed his ears, I believe. Anyhow, she was very violent, it appears."

"Good heavens! That quiet little thing? What did she do it for? Had he annoyed her in any way?"

"No. Oh! it was the sequel to a previous row, they say."

"Well, commend me to your meek-looking people!"

Presently these two gentlemen were joined by a third. The three nodded, and stopped, straightened their backs and yawned.

"Beastly day."

"Beastly."

"Fine now!"

"Tol-lol."

"Seen Spryggyns tumble over Lady Crouch's poodle?"

"No —"

"Finest thing in the world! There he goes now. Just dropped his glove."

"Ah! — and who is he?"

"Spryggyns? Don't know Spryggyns? Man that had the row with his wife in the railway-carriage?"

"Wife — is *she* his wife?"

"Is who his wife? His wife went back to town heartbroken."

"The girl that boxed his ears before a whole carriageful of people."

"Oh! I never heard of that. Did she though, by Jove!"

"Fact. Mason — you know Mason? — well he was there. — But she didn't go back to London, for she's in Seaweed now; and here she comes again. Girl with the red bow in her bonnet."

Complete silence. The three gentlemen dissemble. Gentleman No. 1 digs a little hole in the pathway with his stick. No. 2 looks up at the heavens with a critical eye, and murmurs something about "more rain." And No. 3, who has not yet seen Spryggyns's wife, but is well acquainted with Spryggyns himself by sight, looks fixedly out to sea across the spot which the lady must cross also in her progress. And she crossed, quite unconscious that she was being watched.

"Well," said No. 3. "Spryggyns must be hard to please."

"Perhaps Spryggyns *is* pleased. Perhaps it's Mrs. Spryggyns who isn't pleased."

"Ha! Perhaps! Hullo, spot of rain!"

"Ha, so there is. Going to pour. Bye."

"Tata."

Nos. 1 and 2 having exhausted all the condensed forms of valediction that occur to No. 3's mind, he is fain to content himself with a nod. The three further regale each other with a smile and separate.

That same day, and at the same hour, in one of the green-shuttered, green verandahed houses opposite, a certain Mrs. Tighe had bidden her friends to partake frugally of music, tea, and ices.

The friends had gone, and Mrs. Tighe reclined exhausted on her sofa, while her "familiar," Miss Cackell of "The Laurels," sat by her side and soothed her with gentle flattery.

"It was charming! So select, and yet so animated. And what delicious cakes you always do have, Augusta and what a lovely voice Mr. Toddlekens has, to be

sure! By-the-by — fancy my forgetting! I have been so impatient to tell you too — how was it you asked that Mrs. Sprygyns to your house?"

"What Mrs. Sprygyns?"

"The girl that played the piano —"

"Played the piano — where was I then? Down-stairs?"

"Good gracious, Augusta, you sat by her side, and nodded your head all the time. She had grey merino over grey silk."

"That girl? That isn't a Mrs. Sprygyns. That's a Miss Blundell."

"Was once perhaps. But she is married now to a man called Sprygyns."

"Oh! you must be mistaken. She teaches music to Flossy and Lily. There was her card at the library, and Mr. Potts recommended her. She is a clergyman's daughter."

"She may be the daughter of a dozen clergymen, and yet be Mrs. Sprygyns."

"But Letitia — she doesn't wear a ring. Besides, I know a Mr. Sprygyns and he isn't married."

"There may be other Mr. Sprygynses than yours."

"Oh yes! How do you spell your Sprygyns? Mine spells his name with two y's."

"I haven't any Mr. Sprygyns of my very own, Augusta. The one I mean may spell his name with two k's. All I know is that Major Points recognized her the moment he saw her. You know his dreadful way when he talks of good-looking girls. He made me quite uncomfortable."

"Why, what did he say?"

"Well, at first it was more his tone. 'Hullo,' he said, 'is *she* here?' And I said, 'Is *who* here, Major Points?' 'Why,' said he, 'that pretty little Sprygyns, to be sure!' Of course I was naturally rather curious, and then he told me that there had been a fearful scene in the waiting-room of the station here, between this Mrs. Sprygyns and her husband, and that she tried to push him on to the rails; and the porters had to separate them, and the station-master was obliged to interfere."

"Nonsense!"

"It is a fact. Major Points wasn't there at the time, and he said he could hardly believe it; but yesterday, when he went up to the station for his *Times*, he just quietly said to the station-master, 'Well, Mr. Brown, you had a pretty little scene here the other day, it appears,' and he said he knew the story was true enough

because Mr. Brown answered so very innocently, 'What scene, sir?'"

"And what did Major Points say then?"

"He said, 'Oh, come Mr. Brown, you know what I mean. The lady and her husband who had their quarrel out so comfortably in the waiting-room the other day.' But he says that Mr. Brown had evidently been bribed to keep it all quiet, for all he said was, 'Well so they might have done, sir; but it's the first I've heard tell of it.' And then he turned away as coolly as possible, and gave some trivial order to a porter."

"How very dreadful! and I've actually put her name up for our winter lawn-tennis club."

"Augusta!"

"Isn't it provoking? I can't think how they can have been so negligent at the library. It will be very difficult to take her name off."

"And so awkward! but it must be done!"

"It's against the rules. Can you see Lady Crouch to-morrow, and ask her?"

"I'll make it my business. I thought I had better mention this to you, Augsuta. For though it's painful —"

"Painful! not at all!" said Mrs. Tighe energetically. "These sort of persons always try to get into society, you know, and it is the duty of society to prevent their succeeding."

"After all," said Miss Cackell, "Major Points didn't say any great harm of her, only that she was separated from her husband, no more."

"No more! and she goes under another name, and worms herself into my house, and tries to kill her husband — very nearly."

"Oh! Augusta!"

"Well, well. Anyhow, by your own showing she cannot be nice — can she?"

"Oh, no! And we cannot possibly play lawn-tennis with her."

The next morning, therefore, when Mrs. Tighe's little girls had finished their lessons, she bade them leave the room, and began nervously, —

"Miss Blundell, I think perhaps it will be necessary for my little girls to discontinue their lessons —"

Miss Blundell was engaged in putting on her cloak. She stopped short with one arm in a sleeve, and one out, colored very much, then said very quietly, "Just as you please," and put on the other sleeve.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Tighe, rather

baffled by this placid acquiescence — “perhaps I had better explain.”

“Well — perhaps,” admitted Miss Blundell.

“I have been told, then,” said Mrs. Tighe, “that your name is no longer Blundell, but that it is — Spryggyns.”

Miss Blundell looked up with a mystified air, and did not answer, according to Mrs. Tighe, with either elegance or dignity. She merely said, “Eh?”

“I believe I am speaking to Mrs. Spryggyns. I have been told by people who know you well, and who saw you here yesterday, that that is your name.”

“Mrs. Spryggyns!” repeated the young girl, open-mouthed with astonishment. “I am not married; my name is Blundell.”

“So you have told me.”

Miss Blundell did not know whether to laugh or to be angry. “I don’t understand you,” said she, aflame.

“I have been told that you are separated from your husband, pending an action for divorce.”

“But I never was married in my life; I don’t know a Mr. Spryggyns; I never knew of a Mr. Spryggyns. Who is this gentleman?”

“I only know what I have been told by people who know you,” said Mrs. Tighe.

“Whoever knows me,” said Miss Blundell, beginning to feel and show great wrath, “knows very well that I am Miss Blundell and not Mrs. Spryggyns.”

“I do not know, of course, what motive you may have for concealment; but — but of course if you have seen fit to drop your husband’s name you will not be likely to confess at once to having done so.”

“Good heavens!” exclaimed Miss Blundell with clasped hands. Burst into tears she would not. And she knew that she must either laugh or cry. So she laughed out suddenly and heartily, and then she was better. But Mrs. Tighe thought her conduct most unseemly, and sat austere and silent until she had finished.

“I suppose,” said she then, “that you will hardly deny the quarrel that took place at the station here when you met Mr. Spryggyns there the other day.”

“What!” cried Miss Blundell, more enraged than ever.

“And I think perhaps that in any case —”

“I think that in any case,” interrupted Miss Blundell quickly and decidedly — “that your remarks are most impertinent, and I shall not care to expose myself to

any more of them. Whether I am the victim of some remarkable likeness, or whether you know many of those ladies whose only aim in life seems to be to talk scandalous nonsense about people they don’t know, I cannot tell. Your foolish nonsense will not annoy me longer than for a few hours, but I think I had certainly not better come here any more. I should be tempted every time to repeat what I now say — that you are a silly, mischievous simpleton, and that it would do you a great deal of good to be quietly and firmly put in your place by some older and wiser person than I. And I wish you a good-morning.”

So saying Miss Blundell popped on her hat, snatched up her gloves, and was out of the room, down-stairs, and out on the Parade before Mrs. Tighe could have said “John Robinson, Esquire,” which must have been her version of the vulgar Jack Robinson.

She did not, however, repeat this conversation word for word to her friend. “No! Letitia, no! There are some things too painful to recall. Her brazen-faced impudence made me feel quite faint. Don’t let us speak of her any more. I am only so thankful that we have all been warned in time, and that I did not recommend her to Mrs. Prym.”

Meanwhile most of the *élite* of Seaweed society were greatly disturbing themselves about Miss Blundell, and Miss Blundell was in no wise disturbing herself about the *élite* of Seaweed society.

She noticed that she was not made welcome among them, and that on some trivial pretext her name had not been accepted at the last meeting of the “Winter Lawn Tennis Club.” But she had noticed this with almost complete indifference. She found no new engagements to teach music and languages, and although this grieved her, she hoped for better luck in other places nearer home, where she had so many friends, and was not at all cast down.

She had been passed in the street with a rude stare by persons who had raved about her playing when she had met them at Mrs. Tighe’s “afternoon.” This she did not understand, and some such thought passed through her head as must have passed through the concise midshipman’s when he wrote in his report anent certain savage tribes “Customs nasty — manners none.”

She remembered too — but that with a smile of much amusement — that she had been mistaken for a Mrs. Spryggyns.

She was, indeed, well pleased with Seaweed. The air was perfect: the soil was sandy. Baby was almost well again. Living was cheap. What more could any one require of Seaweed?

Yet Seaweed was up in arms about Miss Blundell.

It was a charming afternoon, but there were very few people at that part of the parade where Miss Blundell and her little sister were taking the air. Miss Blundell was walking. Her sister was leaning back in a little old-fashioned go-cart drawn by an unkempt boy.

If the ladies—the few that were there—turned away their heads with an affectation of embarrassment, the gentlemen did not attempt to do anything of the sort. And Miss Blundell, who had never been able to accustom herself to this disagreeable form of flattery, grew red and indignant. This only made matters worse—her emotion added to her beauty; and it is always impossible to walk up and down any public thoroughfare and look supremely indignant at nothing in particular, and pass unnoticed.

One gentleman, among the many who were incapable of offensively staring at any one, man or woman, followed her, when she had passed by, with a look that was full of love unutterable. He did not know if she had noticed him, though he was broad and tall enough to catch the eye, surely. And he did not wish her to see him. He was not young—very near forty, most likely. He was not handsome, and he was not elegant. His awkwardness was most marked. During the five minutes that he had been there, he had in opening his umbrella to shade him from the sun sent one of the spikes into his neighbor's eye. For he was at this time sitting on a bench on which also reposed two or three strange ladies. He had knocked off his own hat in calling his umbrella to order, and in picking up his hat he had let his open newspaper flutter into the faces of passers-by. But he had for these several misdemeanors apologized so frankly and humbly that everybody had been instantly disarmed.

Those ladies who sat on the bench with him did not view Miss Blundell as he passed with the same sort of eyes as his.

They discussed her freely. The gentleman, however, not caring for their mischievous, silly chatter, did not follow the direction of their eyes as they spoke—for it did not interest him to know which of the ladies that happened to be passing

just then was the one to whom they were alluding.

"There goes that Mrs. Spryggyns."

"Spryggyns isn't her name."

"Yes it is. Captain Badger must know."

"Don't you know that's the person that went to the fancy ball dressed as the Queen of Beauty. They say she looked too lovely. But she was turned out."

"No, no; that wasn't this one. That was a Miss Tottie—or Lottie—a Miss Lottie Vavasour, wasn't it?"

"No, I tell you it was this Mrs. Spryggyns."

"I say it wasn't."

"Well, we needn't quarrel about that, need we? I'm sure I don't care which it was. Anyhow, this is the one that there was that dreadful scene about in the railway carriage. She tried to stab him, or something like that."

"Oh, yes!"

"They say she lives quite quietly here."

"Yes—and they do say, you know, that she has a house in London so magnificent, that the—the duchess of—tut! I always do forget names, but it doesn't matter—anyhow, a duchess was so mad to see it that she actually disguised herself as a furniture polisher, and went over every bit of it."

"What! The furniture?"

"No, no. The house."

"I didn't take a good look at her. Nudge me when she passes again, will you?"

By-and-by she passed again. The nudge was given, and Miss Blundell well stared at.

She went on her way, however, neither looking to the left nor to the right, but went on alone, for the little go-cart drawn by the unkempt boy had stopped just past the bench, and, wonder of wonders, the little invalid with a sweet, troubled face looked at the gentleman and beckoned to him!

He could not believe his senses; he half rose and then sank back again into his place with a "thud" that made the bench quiver.

The baby face looked helpless—and the unkempt boy came forward.

"Little girl wants you, I think, sir."

The gentleman rose at once and went to her; one glance he gave to Miss Blundell's retreating form, but she did not even turn her head.

His heart beat violently as he bent over the child with a strange look of deep and painful sympathy, and laid a big, loving hand on her little hood.

"My darling! Dear baby," said he gently. "How are you now?"

"Better now," said she, and then she looked at a little piece of folded paper that she held in her hand, and presented it hesitatingly.

"Is that for me, baby?"

She nodded. Yes it was for him. It was folded, and addressed "Daniel N. Brasthwaite, Esq."

"May I go on to darling Bab now?" But he had unfolded the paper with trembling fingers and was reading it. "May I go on now?" said the baby voice again, and this time unsteadily, with large tears fast gathering in her little anxious eyes. For there was all her earthly guide and support—her darling Bab—vanishing calmly in the distance and leaving her behind, in the grasp of an unkempt boy, a strange big man, and callous crowd.

But his senses for the moment, save that of sight, were useless—for this is what he saw.

"I think it right to let you know, at all events in writing, that my little sister will not be a cripple for life. The doctors guarantee her perfect recovery.

"BARBARA BLUNDELL."

"Oh my God!" murmured he, "oh, my good, good God!"

He bent over the child again and laid his trembling lips on her little soft forehead—so swayed by a mighty rush of emotion that he found no more words. And the unkempt boy perceiving that Miss Blundell was making signs to him in the distance, went on, to the little invalid's great relief.

"Dear baby!" said Miss Blundell. "Good baby! did the gentleman say anything?"

"Yes," said baby, with an effort to remember "he said—he said his prayers—"

"And now I suppose I must take you for a little sail. I don't think it's too rough—and it does give you such an appetite. My little poppleums, shall we go and find our old sailors?"

Those who had witnessed the above little incident had seen, with previously ill-disposed eyes, nothing but a young lady walking on as if nothing were happening—a letter, given by means of a child's innocent little hands, and a humbug of a man pretending sympathy over a sick baby. They also saw the gentleman return to his seat, and for full five minutes sit perfectly still, staring at his

boots with a rapt expression of countenance.

"I should just like to see what she said to him in that letter," whispered the farthest away. The others were obliged to content themselves with meaning nods and nudges.

Suddenly a form appeared before the big gentleman that did not pass away, but remained there, as it were, aggressively—so close it was.

The big gentleman looked up startled, and gave a jump that sent his umbrella again perilously near his neighbor's eye.

"Really, sir—"

"Oh! pardon me, I am so awkward. Have I hurt you?" The kindness that reigned in the awkward person's heart beamed out at his eyes, and the aggrieved one was instantly and totally disarmed.

"Oh! dear me, no. It was my fault. Pray don't mention it."

The man who was the cause of this small disaster was the direct opposite to the gentleman on the bench. He was short, dark, fat, fussy, and important-looking, and he spoke in a short, fat, fussy, and important way.

"Sir, I believe I am correct in addressing you. There is an absurd report going about that—that—er—the lady who—er—I believe I am correct in saying your wife—"

"A moment, sir," interrupted the gentleman on the bench, smiling. "Here's some mistake. I haven't got a wife."

"It is not my business, of course, to inquire whether you are married or not, sir," said the short man stiffly.

"Of course not!" said the other, still very good-temperedly. "And why the deuce do you?"

"I don't care a hang whether the lady is your wife or not," said the short man, mistaking the other's *bonhomie* for stupidity, and taking advantage of it. "But I don't choose to go about the place with a— a stigma upon me; and as our names are the same, I think—"

"I don't think they are," said the big gentleman. "May I ask for yours?"

"Mine, sir, is Spryggyns."

"Well, mine is Brasthwaite."

Mr. Spryggyns looked puzzled and incredulous. The other occupants of the bench pricked up their ears; for afar off, they already scented a battle-royal about to take place between the irate husband and the co-respondent sitting on the bench beside them.

"Then I have come to the wrong person—and it's a mystery!" said Mr.

Spryggyns presently. "For you certainly have been pointed out to me several times as a Mr. Spryggyns — or, possibly, Spriggins. And certainly at the Royal Hotel, where I was first staying, there is my name, Augustus Spryggyns, with two y's, and (for though you may not remember it, I do) there is what you wrote yourself in the visitor's book (for I saw you do it immediately after me), namely, Daniel Nathaniel Spriggins."

"God bless my soul! You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Brastwaite.

"Well, — yes. I do certainly say so," answered Mr. Spryggyns, rather surprised at Mr. Brastwaite's violently expressed amazement. "And, indeed, the head waiter, who also saw you write, calls you Mr. Spriggins — with two i's — to this day."

"God bless my soul! Well, I am the most awkward, absent-minded fellow, surely, that ever lived. I remember thinking to myself — quite clearly now — as I wrote Daniel Nathaniel, I remember saying to myself: 'Now I wonder if Spryggyns with two y's is merely an attempt at elegance or the proper way of spelling it. I only seem to know it so — with two i's — and I must have written it! Why, I very well remember writing a letter to a friend in India and directing it to his mother in Rome, happening to be full of pity at the time for the poor lady's loneliness and anxiety about her son — so this isn't so wonderful. But I'll tell you what I will do, Mr. Spryggyns; I'll go over to the hotel, and set them all right about it, and scratch out the second Spriggins with pleasure.'"

"I believe that my family spelt the name with two y's at the time of the Crusaders," said Mr. Spryggyns reddening very much.

"You have the advantage of me then," said imperturbable Mr. Brastwaite. "For I can't find any ancestors farther back than William and Mary. There were Brastwaites then."

"I am sorry to have disturbed you needlessly, sir," said Mr. Spryggyns with dignity.

"Oh! don't mind that. I hope you'll find your lady."

"I *have* found the lady," said Mr. Spryggyns irritably. "It's the gentleman I want to find. The lady goes by her maiden name, but she is, or must be a Mrs. Spryggyns, because I am continually being annoyed with congratulations of a sarcastic nature, and worse than sarcastic congratulations on my secret mar-

riage. Some people believe me when I deny it. Others don't. But everybody seems to believe in some sort of connection between myself and this lady, who calls herself — or rather *is* — a Mrs. Spryggyns. It is exceedingly awkward for me, because — I may have — in fact — there is no reason why I should deny it — I have matrimonial views elsewhere. And it is not pleasant to pass either as a married man living separated from his wife, or as one who has lent his name temporarily to a lady. Oh! yes, I know about the lady. She is unfortunately a person with whom it would be impossible to remonstrate — a person of very violent behavior and a deep cause of anxiety to her father, who is a certain well-known barrister of the name of Bruce Blundell —"

"What!" shouted Mr. Brastwaite. The one word was like the sharp, loud crack of a gun. And Mr. Spryggyns retreated a step or two quickly.

"Have you — have you been daring to speak of Miss Blundell all this while, sir?" He glared at Mr. Spryggyns as he spoke with such an amazed, indignant face that Mr. Spryggyns instinctively glanced around him for help.

"My dear sir — the parade — the people —"

"D—n the parade and the people too! How dare you mention that lady's name in the way you have done! Do you know of whom you are talking, sir! — of a lady who is as likely to pass herself off as anybody's wife as I am to stand by calmly and hear her accused of it? I am that lady's guardian, sir — and her father's friend — and by George, sir, I'll pull every man's nose who dares to so much as mention her name above their breaths. Now then — be quick with your explanations, for I'm not patient when I'm roused, I can tell you, sir — what is the cause of this impertinence of yours. Do you know —"

Mr. Spryggyns gasped, and was perhaps about to speak when two or three people dashed violently past him — took flying leaps on to the beach, and made as quickly as they could for the water-side.

"Now then, stupids!" said Mr. Spryggyns irritably — but more people came running up. From north, east, and west — from out of shops, out of houses — from out of hired flies, all coming to one place. A hundred pairs of eyes had seen simultaneously what Mr. Brastwaite and his bench companions and Mr. Spryggyns had been too eagerly engaged in conversation to notice.

A long way out at sea — long, that is, under the circumstances, a little boat carrying far too much sail had suddenly capsized in a sudden gust of wind and had tumbled an old man, a woman, and a child into deep water.

Mr. Brasthwaite heard this from twenty voices as he flew down to the water's edge — and his boots were kicked off, his coat flung off, and his waistcoat, before one could count as many seconds. Nothing — not even a dog — could have been quicker. Quick as he was, however, Mr. Spryggyns was not very far behind him, though in the water the distance widened between them because of Mr. Brasthwaite's long, powerful stroke.

The crowd was a useless one; mostly composed of women and children. At that part of the Parade there were no boats, and consequently no boatmen. The only swimmers that had been handy, as it were, had been Mr. Brasthwaite and Mr. Spryggyns. A boatman had gone into the water after them, but seeing that both the others were strong swimmers and far ahead already of him, he had come back. One or two men had torn along the beach to the boats, one or two for the life-belts. The useless ones, as usual, got in every one's way, and all talked at once: —

"The boatman's swimming back."
"No, he has just sunk under the boat."
"It's a woman." "No, it's a child."
"God bless him! he'll do it." "Oh! ma! what waves!" "Nonsense — nothing to harm." "Hullo!" "What is it?"
"She's struggling — she's being sucked under." "Mind the rope!" "And never a single policeman about! I mean boatman!" "There goes a boat now. Steady, steady!" "Now then, lads, all together."
"That's right, fill her half full of water to begin with. Why can things never be decently done in England?" "Do hold your row!" "Oh! this makes me feel so faint, Edwin." "Then come home, darling." "Oh! by Jove! where's the child now?" "Where? where?" "There!"
"Do keep your mouth shut, Cecilia, you'll have the face-ache!" "She's lost!" "Oh, gracious heavenly powers!" "There goes a life-belt!" "What did he do that for?" "Gentlemen find it handy coming back." "I don't see the old man!"
"Oh! Mr. Boatman, I do feel so terrified. Do tell me they're all safe." "Hope so, mum." "Oh! they're all right enough."
"Johnny! Take your feet off that wet seaweed — and your new boots on!"
"How funny their heads look bobbing

about." "He's got her!" "Oh, thank God! Thank God." "Brave fellows!" "They're all right now!" "Hope so! You see the old man caught hold of the keel of the boat when they capsized — used to it, perhaps! and so he grabbed hold of the first thing; but the woman and the child lost their heads and drifted. There's a frightful current out there." "Boat has picked up the old man." "Boat'll bring them all back now. Do shut your mouth, Cecilia!" "By George! what a jump it was!" "Yes, takes it quite out of a fellah —" "Oh, these things are constantly occurring —" "Do talk about what you understand. I tell you the bowsprit isn't a mast at all." "I say it is."

In the midst of life Miss Blundell had been nearer death than the idle talkers on the beach had perhaps imagined. She knew as much of swimming, as a means of preserving life in any sudden emergency, as is possible to be learned during a course of six or seven flounderings and splashings about a swimming-bath, in a convenient bathing-dress. But when she found herself in the mighty grasp of the sea, with a volume of water beneath, around, and swelling above her, she only remembered two things: one was to grasp hold of her sister; the other, not to struggle. The child unfortunately did struggle desperately in her terror. For once darling Bab's voice was powerless. A wave of relentless water came straight at them, slapping them full in the face, and when it had passed, Bab and her darling were wide apart. Then she lost heart and struggled — struggled to reach her darling — not to save her, but to die with her. Then she went under water, and rose, with such frantic clinging to life that she would still try to save herself if not the child also, and she struck out feebly once more. But her strength was too small. Death came very near. She felt the shadow of his wings upon her, and there came into her head confused thoughts of "those things which she had left undone, and those things which she ought not to have done. But thou, O Lord!"

And then she heard a voice along the surface of the water, "Hold on! hold on! Don't struggle!"

How long indeed a time passed between the sound of that voice and the feel of the strong arm that grasped her and dragged her back to life again, she knew not. But she remembered her little dar-

ling, and she gasped, "Baby — go to baby."

Mr. Brasthwaite, however, knew that Mr. Spryggyns had made as straight as he could for the child, and the boat too. One glance from any experienced eye could tell that the tall, strong swimmer, who had made for the lady, was well able to manage his business single-handed.

"She's safe," said he, spluttering; and now that he had heard Miss Blundell's voice, and knew that life was in her, quite enjoying himself. "Lean on my shoulder; don't be afraid. Let yourself go; we're all right now."

"Good gracious! It was that Mrs. Spryggyns."

"And that short, dark man is her husband, and that the child —"

"No, no! The tall man is Spryggyns. The one that landed her."

"One would think you were talking of a salmon. Spryggyns is the one that saved the child."

"I tell you it isn't."

"I say it is."

Meanwhile those who did not content themselves with mere looking on and talking, had conveyed the exhausted woman and child to the hotel opposite. At first there had been some hesitation. Hadn't the lady better be taken home at once? But thereupon Mr. Brasthwaite had roared out a few decided instructions that admitted of no reply. He knew well what must be the resources of such a home as Miss Blundell's present one, and moreover, now that his heart's darling, and her heart's darling, were safe in his care and couldn't help themselves, he did not feel at all disposed to let them go from it.

He and Mr. Spryggyns soon put themselves into dry clothing and were none the worse for their bath, and very much the better for a certain hearty shake of the hands that said a great deal.

"I'll tell you frankly how it is," said Mr. Brasthwaite. "It was her father's wish nearly as much as mine that I should have a nearer and a dearer right than that of guardian to protect Miss Blundell and her sister; but she was not of the same way of thinking, and I remained only her very sincere and devoted friend. Since then I had the great unhappiness to drop her little sister — that is more than two years ago — out of a swing, and it was at first feared that she would be a cripple for life. In the intensity of her grief Miss Blundell swore

she would never willingly speak to me again. This explanation will account to you for my great heat — a little while ago — when you — Well, we began our acquaintance very violently, but I trust, Mr. Spryggyns, that we may be good friends for many years to come — your conduct was so generous, so manly."

"I assure you, sir, I am very sorry to have appeared so intrusive, and I very much regret — that — er —"

"Certainly there is a mystery somewhere, isn't there? Somebody must have begun talking some mischievous nonsense of some sort. And you may be sure I shall thoroughly sift the matter. I shall remain at Seaweed until the whole thing is cleared up."

There was a considerable pause.

"My dear sir," began Mr. Spryggyns presently, "did you ever live for any time at a small seaside town, such as this? A nice, dull, healthy little spot with a sandy soil — a church or a chapel to every five houses, and a prayer-meeting in the Town Hall to exorcise the Devil whenever 'the great Dance' or 'the little Prince' come down to give a very mild and adapted version of their entertainments to the five or six wicked ones in the place?"

"Well — no!" said Mr. Brasthwaite with a smile.

"Then I have. And my advice is, don't attempt to sift anything at all! Talk they must. Talk they will — and do! The more you sift the more they'll talk."

"If you think it worth while to divert their attention from the young ladies, you could send up to snug, secret London for half a hundred white cats and let them loose one night in the town. Or you could advertise in the *Seaweed Gazette* that the great 'Poppleorum Jig has come, and will be on the pier on Tuesdays and Fridays.' It takes very little to amuse them, really it does."

Mr. Brasthwaite smiled again. "It appears though, to me, Mr. Spryggyns," said he, "that you were not yourself always so superior to idle talk as you seem to be now."

"Well," said Mr. Spryggyns wearily, "I live here with some relations for very nearly three months in the year; and you see I am completely demoralized."

The two gentlemen laughed heartily and were fast becoming good friends when a waiter came in to say that Miss Blundell desired to see Mr. Brasthwaite, if he would oblige her by going up-stairs.

"Miss Blundell wishes to see me," repeated he, turning so white with emotion that Mr. Spryggyns walked away to the window in sheer pity.

"You'll excuse me for one moment, will you not?"

"Oh, pray don't mind me," said Mr. Spryggyns.

Mr. Brasthwaite, when he stood face to face with his darling Bab, — for she was just as dear to him, and dearer than she was to baby — had no words to say what was in his heart; and neither had Miss Blundell. But she gave him both her hands, and a look so glorious that none were necessary; and they stood silent awhile, hand in hand. They heard the ticking of the clock, the noise of the waves beating on the shingle in the distance — and baby's sweet, regular little snore, for she lay fast asleep in bed.

The silence grew intolerable, and Bab spoke, —

"Mr. Brasthwaite, I ought to thank you for saving my life —"

"Why so? You had nothing to do with it. A man generally tries to save what he has most precious in the world from destruction; and though you will have nothing to say to me, Miss Bab — that does not prevent my love for you being my most precious possession."

"Mr. Brasthwaite, I said I would never speak to you again; didn't I?"

"You did," said he gently.

"And I have been so hard for two years, pretending to keep a vow; but when my mouth was full of water, I could gurgle out to you fast enough, couldn't I?"

"You gurgled about baby. But I knew she was in safe hands."

Miss Blundell drooped her head. She knew she must speak first of what lay at both their hearts. He had asked her three times before to be his wife; how could he divine now that she was willing to follow him to the other end of the globe? Perhaps it was he who was not now willing! There was another trying silence, during which Mr. Brasthwaite unclasped her hands. But she did not take them away; and presently she looked up with so sweet a face, so wistful an expression, and so lovely a blush, that he very suddenly, yet very gently, clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

"Are you coming down to Brasthwaite to me — you and baby?" said he quickly.

"What a fool I have been, haven't I?"

"I won't be so rude as to contradict you, my beauty — Bab, are you serious? Think well! For God's sake don't let yourself mistake a momentary emotion for any dearer, lasting feeling."

"So you won't take me on the chance?" said she, smiling; but the smile was tender.

"Yes, I think I will," said he.

Mr. Brasthwaite did not let loose any white cats on the town of Seaweed; neither did he advertise the arrival of the great "Poppleorum Jig" in the *Seaweed Gazette*; but he found an ardent friend in Mr. Spryggyns.

"Yes," he said, not once, but daily to some one or other. "Yes, I'm going down to see my friends, the Brasthwaites, directly. They come from Algiers. They went there for the little sister who is delicate, you know. Charming child! Great friends — always exchanging postage stamps and crests. Brasthwaite Park — splendid place; avenue three-quarters of a mile long. Richest man in Hillshire — owns half the county. Her father? Her father was the rector of Brasthwaite. Wonderful genius — no good to his family, though; very affectionate, but self-absorbed; died very poor. Gifted? Yes! The lady wouldn't have him at first. Fancy! wouldn't have Brasthwaite of Brasthwaite. Wouldn't speak for ever so long. Then found out in the midst of the ocean that they couldn't live without one another. Mouths full of water — hearts full of love. Happiest pair on earth now!"

"You remember that very elegant young woman that we — people — used to call — a — Mrs. Spryggyns?"

"Yes — she wasn't, after all, they say."

"No! She has — she married a very wealthy man — a Mr. Brasenose —"

"No — no. Braddlestone, wasn't it?"

"Ah! Braddlestone. Well, they've gone to live abroad, because his aunt is in delicate health."

"Oh! is that it? I heard that her father didn't approve of the match — he had a title in view for her. But there is many a titled husband that couldn't lay a stone terrace nearly two miles long at her feet like this common man can."

"A stone terrace two miles long!"

"So they say. You think it seems long?"

"Well, they do say you should 'only believe half that you see, and nothing that you hear!'"

From Temple Bar.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF LORD STRATFORD AND THE CRIMEAN WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "FRONTIER LANDS OF THE CHRISTIAN AND THE TURK,"
"RAMBLES IN SYRIAN DESERTS," ETC.

I.

THE EMBASSY.

A QUARTER of a century has passed since the stirring times of the Crimean War, when England awoke from her long sleep of peace, and so many reputations were made and marred. And in these five and twenty years how much has occurred to blur the memory of those times! India, Italy, Germany, America, France have all contributed to elbow aside the events and actors of the Crimean War from the recollection of living men, and the remembrance of them is fast fading into the twilight of history. There are still, however, among us some few who remember incidents and gossip, trivial indeed, it may be, many of them, and beneath the notice of the historian, but serving to give a glow of life to the memory of men whom another generation will look upon as the mere lay figures which go to make up history. As one of these few, one in whose mind that half-dead past is linked with the full life of the present by many vivid personal reminiscences, I may be pardoned if I write down what I remember, setting down naught in malice.

Unquestionably the most prominent figure in the East at the time was that of our great ambassador at Constantinople, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. During the few years that preceded the Crimean War, no one could have enjoyed his confidence, as it was my good fortune to do more or less, without appreciating the greatness he displayed on all occasions when vital questions and interests were at stake. That he was possessed of the rare gift of political genius we have the authority of Lord Palmerston for asserting. No one knew him better, as their long connection began when they were employed for some time as joint private secretaries to George Canning; and he has said more than once that Lord Stratford may not have been endowed with the continuous glow of his cousin's genius, but that he certainly had occasional flashes of it. I never was so strongly impressed with his power as on the occasion of the rupture between Russia and Turkey which resulted in the Crimean

War. Prince Mentchikoff, the Russian ambassador, had been for some time secretly intriguing with the Porte when at last Reshid Pasha, the grand vizier, had his eyes opened and peremptorily rejected the Russian proposals. Prince Mentchikoff, with the vague air of irritation natural to one whose insincerity had been detected, announced his immediate departure from Constantinople, with the entire Russian embassy, by order of the emperor Nicholas. Under Russian threats of breaking off diplomatic relations, the Turks had kept the intrigue a profound secret, and Lord Stratford was quite taken by surprise when he heard of the rupture. He was at a ball in the house of one of the chief bankers of the place. At a late hour the first interpreter of the British embassy entered hurriedly and whispered in his ear a message from the grand vizier giving the important news. The ambassador requested the commander of an English man-of-war, which had been placed at his disposal, to get up steam at once. He then approached his hostess, with his fine strong face displaying an abundance of human kindness about the firm lips and deep-set eyes, while he cordially conversed with her as if he had nothing on his mind more serious than the small talk of a ball-room. He wished her good-night and withdrew with perfect composure, making me a sign to follow him. On reaching his own room at the embassy, he sat down to write a very long despatch to the Foreign Office, handing me over page after page to copy. The recollection of this despatch two years later raised in me an intense admiration for its masterly analysis of the situation and its almost prophetic foretelling of the consequences, dashed off, as it was, in a couple of hours, without preparation of any kind, in a style of forcible, clear, and eloquent diction. The events, as they afterwards occurred, completely justified all that was predicted in the despatch. It left Constantinople as soon as the steamer was ready, and our ministry adopted Lord Stratford's view without question. The die was cast, and the Crimean War was the result.

Great as Lord Stratford could show himself on such an emergency as this, his mind was one of those which never lose sight of detail. It was a brain of the nature of an elephant's trunk, capable of uprooting an oak and picking up a pin. Even during the war, the "Great Elchi" as he was called, would not overlook the local shortcomings of the Turks.

I was with him one day in his ten-oared *caïque* on the Bosphorus, when we passed a large garden in which preparations were being made for building. Lord Stratford told me to land and inquire whose it was. I learned that the sultan was about to erect a new summer residence there. A mingled expression of gloom and lofty indignation clouded the ambassador's face when I told him this. He ordered the boatmen to row straight to the sultan's palace. He was announced as seeking an immediate audience. Abdul Medjid, supposing, as the chamberlain said, that some sudden catastrophe had overtaken his army on the Danube, received him as a friend coming to condole and advise. But there was no friendly response to the imperial greeting. On the contrary, a painful feeling of surprise was expressed by Lord Stratford at finding such a degree of untimely levity in his Majesty's mind as that he should entertain for a moment the idea of building new palaces when his empire might be on the verge of its downfall. The sultan looked much embarrassed, and stammered out a confused request to know what the *Elchi Bey* wished him to do.

"Tell him," said the ambassador, "to dismiss at once all the workmen. His Majesty has eight palaces already, and would he spend his money, scarcely sufficient as it is to buy bread for his troops in the field, in building a ninth palace for the emperor of Russia to occupy? For no assistance can be expected from the allies of Turkey, if they see such senseless extravagance."

The sultan seemed struck dumb by Lord Stratford's vehemence, and only clapped his hands together to summon a chamberlain, whom he ordered to go and stop the works in the garden, for he had changed his mind about them. Lord Stratford then uttered a few plain words of paternal approval, and took leave, with all the appearance of having had his indignation disarmed by the schoolboy-like submission of the commander of the faithful.

When, in his turn, the sultan asked the ambassador to change his mind on other subjects, a like result was not always attained. I remember a rather remarkable occasion when Lord Stratford refused to accede to the sultan's request. Mehemet Ali Pasha was the husband of one of Abdul Medjid's sisters, and was then minister of the navy. He had recently purchased a beautiful Greek slave, and he saw her one day at an open window in

conversation with a Greek gardener, who was mowing the lawn behind his palace. The poor thing had been glad to find some one to speak to in her own mother tongue. The pasha approached the girl in silence, and stabbed her to the heart with a dagger. This reached Lord Stratford's ears, and, when Mehemet Ali Pasha next called at the embassy, he was not received. The sultan sent an aide-de-camp to ask the ambassador why he had refused to see one of his imperial Majesty's ministers, and his brother-in-law.

"Tell the sultan," said Lord Stratford, "that an English ambassador can never admit to his presence a cruel assassin."

Another attempt was made, through the medium of the grand vizier, to appease the ambassador's anger; but it was in vain, and Mehemet Ali Pasha was dismissed from office.

Several years before this, a conflict arose between the embassy and the Porte, about an Armenian Christian who had become a Mussulman, and soon after repented of his apostasy. He was received again in his former Church; but, by Mussulman law, the abjuring of Islamism was punishable with death, and many such sentences had been carried out. The man was condemned by the Sheikh ul Islam to be beheaded. The decision of the highest judicial authority could not be modified. The ambassador went to the sultan, who deplored his inability to satisfy him. He announced to the Porte that he could not remain at Constantinople while such a crime was being officially committed, and that, on the day before the execution, the British embassy would leave the country. There was no answer. He returned to the sultan to take leave, on the rupture of diplomatic relations between England and Turkey. Abdul Medjid actually groaned in despair, saying he could do nothing to prevent it.

"Your Majesty can easily prevent it," exclaimed Lord Stratford. "You are caliph, and you can alter the Mussulman law by a decree as such."

The sultan stared wildly around, and then with a trembling voice he said he would do so. He would do anything lawful to avoid shedding blood. This was quite true, for Abdul Medjid had nothing of the bloodthirsty Turk in him. But he was weak and vacillating. He attempted to dictate a decree to his chamberlain in vague, equivocal terms, which could have no effect. Mr. Alison, the Oriental secretary of embassy, who was present, in-

formed the ambassador of this in a whisper.

"Write it yourself in Turkish," said Lord Stratford, "and give it to the sultan to sign."

Mr. Alison wrote in Turkish, "*Murtad katil olunuz*" ("A convert cannot be put to death"). The sultan read the words, and affixed to them his seal as caliph of the Mussulman faith. The decree was sent to the Sheikh ul Islam, who liberated the prisoner; and no execution has ever since taken place for a change of religion.

This Mr. Alison was one of the most remarkable of the able men who then formed Lord Stratford's staff. He afterwards became our envoy in Persia, and died at Teheran. He was a man of uncommon abilities, but there was unfortunately in him a vein of eccentricity which made him many enemies and sometimes marred the effect of his brilliant powers. He was a great favorite with the Turks, whose language he knew perfectly, as well as Arabic and Greek. Reshid Pasha, when he was grand vizier, made quite a spoiled child of him, treating him with a degree of deference which he did not show to the ambassadors of other courts, and allowing him to cut jokes on the most serious subjects without resenting their occasional impropriety. I was once sent with him on business to that grand vizier, and during our visit the Hellenic minister entered. We rose to withdraw, but Reshid Pasha asked us to remain. The conversation turned on the state of Greece, and the minister, in reply to the inquiries of the Turk, gave glowing descriptions of its prosperity. After hearing him descant on the progress of agriculture, commerce, and navigation, Reshid Pasha asked him in what state were manufactures.

"*L'industrie, comment va-t-elle?*" said he, being a thorough French scholar.

"*Admirablement*," answered the Greek.

"*Oui*," said the incorrigible Alison, who hated all Greeks, "*on prétend qu'il y a même un ordre de chevalerie établi en Grèce pour l'industrie.*"

This wicked allusion to Greek *chevaliers d'industrie* was too much for us all. The grand vizier fidgeted on his chair, trying in vain to preserve his gravity, and the Greek minister abruptly took leave in evident embarrassment. When he was well gone, a chorus of laughter was led by Reshid Pasha and joined in by Mr. Alison and myself.

That great Turkish statesman retired from his position not long afterwards, and

was succeeded by a fanatical old Turk of the name of Raouf Pasha. Mr. Alison, having to transact some official business at the Porte, was received very differently from what he had been accustomed to. So marked were the respect and cordiality entertained for him by the former grand vizier, that he would meet him at the top of the principal staircase, take him by the hand, and conduct him through the crowds in the antechambers to his own room. On this occasion there was nothing of the kind. A servant led him to the presence of the great man, to whom he was announced simply as a secretary of the English embassy. Raouf Pasha took no notice. Mr. Alison put his hands in his pockets and began whistling a tune, while he looked at the pictures on the walls. The servant ran up to him, saying that the pasha on the sofa was the grand vizier.

"Impossible," exclaimed Mr. Alison in Turkish. "That must be some flunkey. The grand vizier would receive me like a gentleman."

Raouf Pasha stood up in apparent astonishment. Mr. Alison took a seat, and in his most patronizing manner invited the great man to sit down. He then explained the case he had to lay before the Porte. After a long discussion of it, the grand vizier looked at his watch, said it was the hour of his prayer, and knelt down at the end of the sofa, as the Turks delight in doing in the presence of foreigners. The Mussulman prayer winds up with a damnable clause against all infidels, and Raouf Pasha rolled it out in a stentorian voice, as if levelled at his visitor, who knew enough Arabic to understand that a deliberate insult was intended by the emphasis laid on the words. The grand vizier then returned to his seat, and resumed the official interview. When the affair under consideration was settled, Mr. Alison in his turn looked at his watch, remarked that it was his prayer-time, and went to the other end of the sofa, where he went through a variety of gestures and genuflexions, ending with a vociferous anathema against all Turks, Mussulmans and other unbelievers in the holy Christian faith, declaimed in pure Arabic, as understood by all pious Mahometans. He then walked out of the room without taking the least notice of the astounded grand vizier.

Lord Stratford was not a man with whom it was safe to take a liberty, but somehow he never seemed annoyed by any of Mr. Alison's jokes and sarcasms.

Indeed they often had the effect of restoring him to good humor when his rather violent temper was ruffled. Explosions of anger were not unfrequent on the ambassador's part; but it was only in defence of what was just and right, of honor and humanity, that he ever broke out in one. He was once showering torrents of contemptuous abuse on the head of a military pasha, who was paying a ceremonious visit at the embassy. This pasha was now grown rich and plethoric, but had commanded an army corps in the first campaign between the Russians and the Turks, and lost a battle, during which he had hidden himself in a bush. Mr. Alison was translating for Lord Stratford, who walked up and down the room, stamping with rage and flinging out insults with unbridled vehemence, his fury reverberating among the consonants like distant thunder. He asked how such a coward and traitor to his country had dared to show his face at the British embassy. The Turk tried to calm his excitement by the usual deprecatory expressions, "*Djanim*," "*Coozoom*" ("My soul," "My lamb"). The ambassador stopped short, exclaiming,—

"What does he mean with his *coo-zoom*?"

"He means," replied Mr. Alison with a comical twinkle of his eye, "that your Excellency is his lamb."

The ambassador burst out laughing, conscious that his heroics had not been altogether lamblike.

On another occasion, at a large dinner party given by Lord Stratford to the officers of the fleet on the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar, he proposed the toast of the navy in a long and eloquent speech, concluding with Nelson's celebrated signal: "England expects that every man will do his duty." In pronouncing these words with great fervor and beaming eyes, he sat down with his hands on one of the decanters before him, but apparently never thinking of sending them round the table.

"Do you not think, my lord," said one of the attachés, the late Lord Strangford, with a quietly suggestive look, "that Lord Nelson may have alluded to the duty of every Englishman to pass the wine when he proposes a toast?"

The ambassador descended gracefully from his stilts, and apologized with a smile for his absence of mind.

One might go on multiplying instances of cordiality at the embassy between the chief and his staff, but these few will suf-

fice to show how the stern *Elchi* could unbend in the intimacy of his chosen circle, which was formed, it is true, of personal friends accustomed to his ways.

With strangers Lord Stratford was not always so indulgent towards untimely jesting. It happened to me once to see him resent most decidedly the facetiousness of a French ambassador, when they met on a somewhat solemn occasion. War had been declared against Russia, and the allied armies were preparing to embark. The question of their place of landing had been warmly discussed. The Porte, still clinging to the hope that the determined attitude of the Western powers might suffice to bring about peace, and dreading that the fanaticism of the Turks might be aroused by the appearance, as allies, of infidel armies at their capital, strongly objected to the allied armies advancing so far. The French government, on the other hand, looking only to the military situation, insisted on the fleets entering the Black Sea, and on troops being landed in Bulgaria to prevent the Russian forces from marching on Constantinople if they should make good their passage of the Danube. Napoleon's ambassador was General Baraguay d'Hilliers, a distinguished soldier and a good-natured man. He was full of humor. He used to pat Lord Stratford on the back and call him "*mon vieux*," which displeased the Great Elchi in the highest degree. After a long negotiation between the two ambassadors and the grand vizier, it was decided that the allied armies should be stationed at Gallipoli on the Dardanelles, and a convention was drawn up to that effect. A meeting was appointed at the Porte for the purpose of signing it. Lord Stratford took me with him, in order that I might take notes for his report to the Foreign Office. The grand vizier, much pleased at having carried his point, received the two ambassadors with great cordiality. Lord Stratford displayed his customary cold courtesy. General Baraguay d'Hilliers appeared much displeased. He had failed to convince the Porte that it would be desirable to begin the war in a spirited manner, and he made no effort to hide his chagrin. Reshid Pasha was the first to sign the convention. Lord Stratford followed his example, the sole expression in his face being one of icy impassibility, while his Brutus-like chin looked more determined than ever. He gravely handed the pen to the French ambassador, who looked sulkily at him, then put down the pen with

a leering smile stealing over his rough countenance. Reshid Pasha begged him to put his name to the paper. He still gazed in silence, first at one, then at the other, of his two colleagues. His smile at last became a broad grin, and he said that he must be allowed to relate a little anecdote before signing. The grand vizier replied that he would listen to the anecdote with pleasure after the convention had been duly signed. Lord Stratford sat frowning darkly, and did not speak. The general shook his head with comic gravity, as he gazed at him.

"No story, no signature," he said at last.

The pasha consented to hear the story first.

"In the time of the Regent," began Monsieur Baraguay d'Hilliers, "a beautiful young countess was dressing to go to a ball —"

"Allow me," interrupted Lord Stratford, "to express my unqualified disapproval of this very unusual proceeding, and to request my French colleague to sign the convention, to which he has already given his formal adherence."

"Yes, yes, *mon vieux*," replied the general; "I will sign; but I must first finish the story I was telling you and the grand vizier."

Lord Stratford shrugged his shoulders, and sat still.

"Well," continued the Frenchman, "the waiting-maid brought the rouge-pot and puff —"

The Elchi jumped up in a rage.

"I beg of you," interposed Monsieur Baraguay d'Hilliers, laughing, and putting his hands on his shoulders to make him sit down, "do not fear, *mon vieux*, I will be quick. The countess told her maid not to rouge her face, but her back. The maid objected that her lady's back would not be seen. 'Who knows,' answered the countess, 'how far men's audacity may carry them?' This is what we are doing, *mes amis*; we are landing our armies at Gallipoli to rouge the back of Constantinople."

Reshid Pasha rolled about in his chair in one of those paroxysms of merriment which the gravest Turks often affect. Lord Stratford placed the convention before the general in silence, and handed him the pen. The French ambassador signed; and the Elchi made a stiff bow, and stalked out of the room.

"Exit Jupiter tonans!" exclaimed Monsieur Baraguay d'Hilliers with a comical face of mock solemnity.

With all his stern gravity and occasional outbursts of violent anger, however, Lord Stratford was one of the kindest of men. Indeed, he was of so notably humane a disposition that his witty attaché, the late Lord Strangford, used to call him "Old Humanity." Such a disposition could have little in common with the emperor Nicholas, who was indeed his pet aversion. The dislike between these two men had been of long standing. Many years ago, the British embassy at St. Petersburg fell vacant, and Lord Stratford, then Mr. Stratford Canning, was appointed to the post. The emperor intimated to the British government that he objected to receive him, and requested that some one else might be sent. His wish was acceded to, and he thus made a bitter enemy. I do not mean to suggest that Lord Stratford was a man who would allow himself to be guided by any feeling of personal pique when treating affairs of interest to his country. But unquestionably the conduct of a man occupying so important a position as that of British ambassador at Constantinople may be influenced by an unconscious bias, to the prejudice of the policy of another State. There were abundant facts in the career of Nicholas which could not but justify and confirm any right-minded man's repugnance to him.

His first act on coming to the throne, for instance, was one which could not fail to impress very painfully such a man as Lord Stratford. In the punishment of the misguided youths who then attempted to overthrow the imperial power, the emperor Nicholas took no extenuating circumstances into consideration. Executions followed rapidly after that tragic episode. Some of those more lightly involved in the insurrection were exiled for life to Siberia. One of them, the young Prince Nariskin, an officer of the Guards, was to proceed thither with other convicts in a well-escorted van. His mother determined to accompany him in her own carriage, and she petitioned the emperor to allow her son to occupy a place in it beside her. He refused to see her, and wrote with his own hand upon the petition the words, "On foot." Lord Stratford has told this story in my presence in accents of horror and indignation which rose altogether above the possibility of a suspicion that they were dictated by any personal resentment. He concluded by saying that no one was ever more like Achilles,

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.

The animosity of the emperor against Lord Stratford was supposed to have originated in the fact that in the year 1812, when the latter was a young attaché of the embassy at Constantinople, he became *chargé d'affaires* during the ambassador's absence on leave, and took a prominent part in the conclusion of peace between Turkey and Russia. The Treaty of Bucharest, in which that peace was stipulated, contains clauses which were far from palatable to Russia, and they were traced to the influence even then exercised over the Turks by the young diplomatist, so young that he afterwards returned to Cambridge to take his degree.

The breach thus opened between the emperor and Lord Stratford was afterwards widened by the action of the latter on a memorable occasion. The revolutionary agitation pervading Europe after the Parisian outbreak of February, 1848, struck the emperor with alarm. He took the first opportunity which presented itself of casting the weight of his sword into the scale. Austria was vainly endeavoring to suppress the Hungarian insurrection, and he saved the power of the Hapsburg dynasty by sending an army of Russians to assist the cause of Imperialism. The Hungarians were crushed, and many of their most distinguished men, including several Poles who had taken service with them, found an asylum as political refugees in Turkey. The emperors of Russia and Austria demanded that those fugitive subjects of theirs should be given up to them, and the Turks would probably have betrayed their duty of hospitality under such circumstances, if Lord Stratford had not interposed. The Porte, understanding how the Great Elchi felt about it, made a formal request for advice from him, less, perhaps, with the desire of following it, than with the view of putting themselves in a position to throw upon him the responsibility of any ill result which might possibly ensue from it. Reshid Pasha, with whom Lord Stratford was on very friendly terms, represented to him that resistance on the part of Turkey might involve her in a disastrous war if she had no allies, and that he would be glad to know how England would be likely to act in that contingency. The ambassador tried to convince him that Turkey would not be left alone to suffer for an act of generosity towards the victims of a patriotic struggle for national freedom. The Turk would not be satisfied without

something more positive than this assurance. Our government, on the other hand, would not consent to hamper its future diplomatic action by a distinct engagement. Lord Stratford rose to the emergency, and met the difficulty unaided by the foreign secretary. He went to the sultan, and pledged himself personally to see him safe through any dangers that might assail him in consequence of a refusal to give up the Hungarian and Polish refugees. Abdul Medjid accepted the pledge, and a definitive rejection of their demand was at once communicated to the emperors of Russia and Austria. Few secrets are ever kept at the Porte, and the Russian embassy soon ascertained from what quarter had emanated so unqualified a rebuff. Another grievance against Lord Stratford was recorded by the czar.

Apart, however, from the friction arising from such diplomatic conflicts, the fundamental divergence of the characters of these two men sufficed to account for their mutual hostility. The arbitrary and the equitable elements of their respective tones of thought were too clearly defined to admit of their ever meeting in mutual agreement on almost any point whatsoever. In Lord Stratford's opinion, the czar's alleged strength of will was in reality mere unreasoning obstinacy. He had, said Lord Stratford, adopted a narrow code of policy, which took no account of existing facts, and he aggravated diplomatic perplexities by appealing to apocryphal popular sentiment. He dealt only in the projection into concrete form of vague and erroneous ideas, without the least infusion of a bracing common sense. These pernicious habits of thought must have grown out of the want of familiarity with a wider sphere of statesmanship, and they could hardly be attributable, as has been urged, to the influence of family antecedents and traditions. Nicholas could not have inherited any such tendencies from his predecessors. His brother, Alexander I., devoured by pious yearnings, sought exclusively to liberate oppressed nationalities, and to relieve enslaved Christians from an infidel yoke, without having the ambition to substitute his own rule for that of a dispossessed denomination. Their grandmother, Catherine II., with her sentimental proclivities, wished merely to leave a northern empire to her eldest grandson, and a southern to her second. The founder of Russian power, Peter the Great, true to his noble aspirations at Saardam and

Wapping, thought only of creating a maritime trade, as the best means of raising his country to prosperity. Their successor and descendant, Nicholas, imbued with the spirit of mediæval conquerors and tyrants, was guided by an insatiable craving for absolute power and an unscrupulous lust of territory. There were no hereditary or imitative features in his character, any more than in his policy. He possessed neither the conscientious unselfishness of his brother Alexander, nor the high-minded confidence in others of his grandmother Catherine; and he was entirely devoid of the persevering constancy of purpose which made his ancestor, Peter the Great, famous in the world as an organizer of an empire. This is a summary of the ambassador's opinion of the emperor, as gathered from many conversations I had with him on the subject. He had carefully studied the character and policy of Nicholas, and regarded him as the one great antagonist of his long political career. It is, however, a noteworthy fact that, while indulging in expressions of dislike towards the man, he would never descend to abuse of him otherwise than as the emperor.

From The Nineteenth Century.
INTELLIGENCE OF ANTS.

I.

I HAVE frequently been much struck by the absence of information, even among professed naturalists and professed psychologists, concerning the intelligence of ants. The literature on the subject being scattered and diffused, it is not many persons who have either the leisure or the inclination to search it out for themselves. Most of us, therefore, either rest in a general hazy belief that ants are wonderfully intelligent animals, without knowing exactly in what ways and degrees the intelligent action of these animals is displayed; or else, having read Sir John Lubbock's investigations, we come to the general conclusion that ants are not really such very intelligent animals after all, but, as was to have been expected from their small size and low position in the zoological scale, it only required some such methodical course of scientific investigation to show that previous ideas upon the subject were exaggerated, and that, when properly tested, ants are found to be rather stupid than otherwise. I have therefore thought it well to write a paper

for this widely circulated review, in order to diffuse some precise information concerning the facts of this interesting branch of natural history.

Not having any observations of my own to communicate, I have no special right to be heard on this subject; but as I have recently had occasion to read through the literature connected with it, I am able to render what I may call a filtered abstract of all the facts which have hitherto been observed by others. It is needful, however, to add that the filter has been necessarily a close one; if I had a large volume instead of a short paper as my containing vessel, the filtrate would still require to be a strongly condensed substance.

Powers of Special Sense.—Let us take first the sense of sight. Sir John Lubbock made a number of experiments on the influence of light colored by passing through various tints of stained glass, with the following results. 1. The ants which he observed greatly disliked the presence of light within their nests, "hurrying about in search of the darkest corners" when light was admitted. 2. Some colors were much more distasteful to them than others; for while under a slip of red glass there were on one occasion congregated eight hundred and ninety ants, under a green slip there were five hundred and forty-four, under a yellow four hundred and ninety-five, and under a violet only five. 3. The rays thus act on these ants in a graduated series, which corresponds with the order of their influence on a photographic plate. Experiments were therefore made to test the effect of the rays on either side of the visible spectrum, but with negative results. In considering these experiments, however, it is important to remember that other observers (especially Moggridge in Europe and McCook in America) have described other species of ants (genus *Atta*) as fond of light. It would be interesting for any one who has an opportunity to try whether ants of this genus do not show towards the rays of the spectrum a scale of preference the reverse of that which Sir John Lubbock describes.

As regards hearing, Sir John found that sounds of various kinds do not produce any effect upon the insects, nor could he obtain any evidence of their emitting sounds, either audible or inaudible to human ears.

It has long been known that the sense of smell in ants is highly developed, and it appears to be the sense on which, like

dogs, they mainly rely. Huber proved that they track one another's footsteps in finding their way to food, etc.; for he observed, on drawing his finger across the trail so as to obliterate the scent, that the ants became confused and ran about in various directions, till they again came upon the trail on the other side of the interrupted space. By many ingeniously devised experiments Lubbock has amply confirmed Huber's statements, and concludes that in finding treasure "they are guided in some cases by sight, while in others they track one another by scent," depending however more upon scent than upon sight.

There can be little doubt that ants have a sense of taste, as they are so well able to distinguish sugary substances; and it is unquestionable that in their antennæ they possess highly elaborated organs of touch.

Sense of Direction.—It is certain that ants, in common with many other animals, possess some unaccountable sense of direction, whereby they are able to find their way independently of landmark, etc. Sir John Lubbock tried a number of experiments in this connection, of which the following is perhaps the most conclusive. Between the nest and the food he placed a hat-box, in each of two opposite sides of which he bored a small hole, so that the ants, in passing from the nest to the food and back again, had to go in at one hole and out at the other. The box was fixed upon a pivot, where it could be easily rotated, and when the ants had well learned their way to the food through the box, the latter was turned half round as soon as an ant had entered it; "but in every case the ant turned too, thus retaining her direction."

Sir John then placed in the stead of a hat-box a disc of white paper. When an ant was on the disc making towards the food, he gently drew the paper to the other side of the food, so that the ant was conveyed by the moving surface in the same direction as that in which she was going, but *beyond* the point to which she intended to go. Under these circumstances the ant did not turn round, but went on to the further edge of the disc, "when she seemed a good deal surprised at finding where she was."

These results seem to indicate that the sense of direction is due to a process of registering all the changes of direction which may be made during the out-going journey, and that this power of registration has reference only to *lateral* move-

ments; it has no reference to variations in the *velocity* of advance along the line in which the animal is progressing.

Powers of Communication.—Huber, Forel, Kirby and Spence, Dujardin, Burmeister, Franklin, and other observers have all expressed themselves as holding the opinion that ants are able to communicate information to one another by some system of language or signs. The facts, however, on which the opinion of these earlier observers rested, have not been stated with that degree of caution and detail which the acceptance of their opinion would require. But the more recent observations of Bates, Belt, Moggridge, Hague, Lincecum, McCook, and Lubbock, leave no doubt upon the subject. Two or three instances will be enough to select in order to prove the general fact. Hague, the geologist, kept upon his mantel-shelf a vase of flowers, and he noticed a file of small red ants on the wall above the shelf passing upwards and downwards between the latter and a small hole near the ceiling. The ants, whose object was to get at the flowers, were at first few; but they increased in number during several successive days, until an unbroken succession was formed all the way down the wall. To get rid of the ants, Hague then tried frequently brushing them off the wall upon the floor in great number; but the only result was that another train was formed to the flowers ascending from the floor. He therefore took more severe measures, and struck the end of his finger lightly upon the descending train near the flower-vase, so killing some and disabling others. "The effect of this was immediate and unexpected. As soon as those ants which were approaching arrived near to where their fellows lay dead and suffering, they turned and fled with all possible haste, and in half an hour the wall above the mantel-shelf was cleared of ants." The stream from below continued to ascend for an hour or two, the ants advancing "hesitatingly just to the edge of the shelf, when, extending their antennæ and stretching their necks, they seemed to peep cautiously over the edge until beholding their suffering companions, when they too turned, expressing by their behavior great excitement and terror." Both columns of ants thus entirely disappeared. For several days there was a complete absence of ants: then a few began to reappear; "but instead of visiting the vase which had been the scene of the disaster, they avoided it altogether,"

and made for another vessel containing flowers at the other end of the shelf. Hague here repeated the same experiment with exactly the same result. After this for several days no ants reappeared; and during the next three months it was only when fresh and particularly fragrant flowers were put into the vases that a few of the more daring ants ventured to struggle towards them. Hague concludes his letter to Mr. Darwin, in which these observations are contained, by saying:—

To turn back these stragglers and keep them out of sight for a number of days, sometimes for a fortnight, it is sufficient to kill one or two ants on the trail. . . . The moment the spot is reached an ant turns abruptly and makes for home, and in a little while there is not an ant visible on the wall.

Many other cases might be quoted to show that ants are able to communicate information to one another; but, to save space, I shall pass on to Sir John Lubbock's direct experiments upon this subject. Three similar and parallel tapes were stretched from an ants' nest to three similar glass vessels. In one of the latter Sir John placed several hundred larvæ, in another only two or three larvæ, and the third he left empty. The object of the empty glass was to see whether any ants might not run along the tapes without any special reference to the obtaining of larvæ; and this was found not to be the case. Sir John then put an ant to each of the other two glasses; they each took a larva, carried it to the nest, returned for another, and so on. Each time a larva was taken out of the glass containing only two or three, Sir John replaced it with another, so that the supply should not become exhausted. Lastly, every ant (except the two which had first been put to the larvæ), before reaching home with her burden, was caught and imprisoned till the observation terminated.

The result was that during forty-seven and one-half hours the ants which had access to the glass containing numerous larvæ brought two hundred and fifty-seven friends to their assistance; while during an interval of five and one-half hours longer those which visited the glass with only two or three larvæ brought only eighty-two friends. This result appears very conclusive as proving some power of definite communication, not only as to where food is to be found, but also as to the road which leads to the *largest store*. Further experiments, however, proved that these ants are not able to *describe*

the precise locality where treasure is to be found. For, having exposed larvæ as before and placed an ant upon them, he watched every time that she came out of the nest with friends to assist her; but instead of allowing her to pilot the way, he took her up and carried her to the larvæ, allowing her to return with a larva upon her own feet. Under these circumstances the friends, although evidently coming out with the intention of finding some treasure, were never able to find it, but wandered about in various directions for a while, and then returned to the nest. Thus, during two hours she brought out altogether in her successive journeys no less than one hundred and twenty ants, of which number only five in their unguided wanderings happened by chance to find the sought-for treasure.

Memory.—The general fact that whenever an ant finds her way to a store of food or larvæ she will return to it again and again in a more or less direct line from her nest, constitutes ample proof that the ant remembers her way to the store of food. It is of interest to note that the nature of this insect-memory appears to be identical with that of memory in general. Thus a new fact becomes *impressed* upon ant-memory by repetition, and the impression is liable to become effaced by lapse of time. Sir John Lubbock found it necessary to *teach* the insects, by a repetition of several lessons, their way to treasure, if that way were long or unusual. With regard to the *duration* of memory in ants, it does not appear that any direct experiments have been made; but the following observation by Mr. Belt on its apparent duration in the leaf-cutting ant may be here stated. In June, 1859, he found his garden invaded by these ants, and on following up their paths he found their nest about a hundred yards distant. He poured down their burrows a pint of diluted carbolic acid. The marauding parties were at once drawn off from the garden to meet the danger at home, while in the burrows themselves the greatest confusion prevailed. Next day he found the ants busily engaged in bringing up the ant-food from the old burrows and carrying it to newly-formed ones a few yards distant. These, however, turned out to be intended only as temporary repositories; for in a few days both old and new burrows were entirely deserted, so that he supposed all the ants to have died. Subsequently, however, he found that they had migrated to a new site, about two hundred yards from the old one,

and there established themselves in a new nest. Twelve months later the ants again invaded his garden, and again he treated them to a strong dose of carbolic acid. The ants, as on the previous occasion, were at once withdrawn from his garden, and two days afterwards he found "all the survivors at work on one track that led directly to the old nest of the year before, where they were busily employed in making new excavations. . . . It was a wholesale and entire migration." Mr. Belt adds: "I do not doubt that some of the leading minds in this formicarium recollected the nest of the year before, and directed the migration to it." Of course it is possible that the leaders of the migration may have simply stumbled on the old burrows by accident, and, finding them already prepared as a nest, forthwith proceeded to transfer the food and larvæ; but as the old and the new burrows were separated from one another by so considerable a distance, this supposition does not seem probable, and the only other one open is that the ants remembered their former home for a period of twelve months. This supposition is rendered the more probable from a somewhat analogous case recorded by Karl Vogt in his "Lectures on Useful and Harmless Animals." For several successive years ants from a certain nest used to go through certain inhabited streets to a chemist's shop six hundred metres distant, in order to obtain access to a vessel filled with syrup. As it cannot be supposed that this vessel was found in successive working seasons by as many successive accidents, it can only be concluded that the ants remembered the syrup store from season to season.

Recognition.—I shall now pass on to consider a class of highly remarkable facts. It has been known since the observations of Huber that all the ants of the same community recognize one another as friends, while an ant introduced from another nest, even though it be an ant of the same species, is known at once to be a foreigner, and is usually maltreated or put to death. Huber found that when he removed an ant from a nest and kept it away from its companions for a period of four months, it was still recognized as a friend, and caressed by its previous fellow-citizens after the manner in which ants show friendship, viz., by stroking antennæ. Sir John Lubbock, after repeating and fully confirming these observations, extended them as follows.

He first tried prolonging the period of

separation beyond four months, and found that it might be made more than three times as long without the ants forgetting their absent friend. Thinking that this fact could only be explained, either by all the ants knowing each other's personal appearance, or by their all having a distinctive smell peculiar to each nest, or by their all having a sign, like a password, differing in differing nests, Sir John tried separating some ants from a nest while still in the condition of larvæ, and, when they emerged as perfect insects, transferring them back to the nest from which they had been taken as larvæ. Of course in this case the ants in the nest could never have *seen* those which had been removed, for a larval ant is as unlike the mature insect as a caterpillar is unlike a butterfly; neither can it be supposed that the larvæ, thus kept away from the nest, should retain, when hatched out as perfect insects, any smell belonging to their parent nest; nor, lastly, is it reasonable to imagine that the animals, while still in the condition of larval grubs, can have been taught any gesture or sign used as a password by the matured animals. Yet, although all these possible hypotheses seem to be thus fully excluded by the conditions of the experiment, the result showed unequivocally that the ants all recognized their transformed larvæ as native-born members of their community.

Next, therefore, Sir John Lubbock tried dividing a nest into two parts before the queen ants had become pregnant. Seven months after the division the queens laid their eggs, and five months later these eggs had developed into perfect insects. He then transferred some of these young ants from the division of the nest in which they had been born to the division in which they had never been, even in the state of the egg. Yet these ants also were received as friends, in marked contrast to the reception accorded to ants from any other nest. It therefore seems to be blood relationship that ants are able, in some way that is as yet wholly inexplicable, to recognize. It ought, however, to be remembered in this connection that in an experiment made by Forel on slave-making ants, it was proved that they almost instantaneously recognized their own slaves from other slaves of the same species—and this after their slaves had been kept away from the nest for a period of four months.

Under this heading I may also allude to the unquestionable evidence concerning enormous multitudes, or, as we might

say, a whole nation of ants all recognizing one another as belonging to the same nationality. No doubt the principle (whatever it may be) on which the power of recognition depends, is the same here as it is in the case of a single nest; but in the cases which I am about to quote the operation of this principle is indefinitely and incalculably extended. The cases to which I allude are those in which new ants' nests spring up as offshoots from the older ones, so that a nation of towns, as it were, gradually spreads to an immense circumference round an original centre. Forel describes such a nation of *F. exsecta* which comprised more than two hundred nests, and covered a space of nearly two hundred square metres. Individual ants must here have been numbered by the million, and yet they all knew each other as friends—even those taken from furthestmost nests—while they would admit no foreigners within their territory.

A still more remarkable case is recorded by M'Cook of what he calls an "ant town." The one he has described occurs in the Alleghany Mountains of North America, and consists of sixteen or seventeen hundred nests, which rise in cones to a height of from two to five feet. The ground below is riddled in every direction with subterranean passages of communication. The inhabitants are all on the most friendly terms, so that if any one nest is injured it is repaired by help from the other nests. Here, also, foreign ants of the same species were not tolerated; so that we should have an analogous case if all the inhabitants of Europe should be directly known to one another as friends, while an American or an Australian, on setting foot upon European ground, should be immediately set upon as an enemy.

Emotions.—The pugnacity, valor, and rapacity of ants are too well and generally known to require the narration of special instances of their display. With regard to the tenderer emotions, however, there is among observers a difference of opinion. Sir John Lubbock found that the species of ants on which he experimented are apparently deficient in feelings both of affection and of sympathy. He tried burying some specimens of *Lasius niger* beneath an ant-road; but none of the ants traversing the road made any attempt to release their imprisoned companions. He repeated the same experiment with the same result on various other species. Even when the friends in

difficulty were actually in sight, it by no means followed that their companions would assist them. On imprisoning some friends in one bottle, the mouth of which was covered with muslin, and some strangers of the same species (*F. fusca*) in another bottle similarly protected, and placing both bottles in the nest, "the ants which were at liberty took no notice of the bottle containing their imprisoned friends. The strangers in the other bottle, on the other hand, excited them considerably." For days they crowded round this bottle, endeavoring to gnaw through the muslin by which its mouth was closed. This on the seventh day they succeeded in doing, when they killed the imprisoned strangers. "The friends throughout were quite neglected," so that this experiment, as Sir John observes, seems to show that "in these curious insects hatred is a stronger passion than affection." This experiment always gave the same result in the case of this species; but when tried with *Formica rufescens*, the ants took no notice of either bottle, and showed no signs either of affection or hatred; so that, as Sir John again observes, "one is almost tempted to surmise that the spirit of these ants is broken by slavery"—i.e., by the habit of keeping slaves.

But there is no lack of evidence to show, *per contra*, that the tenderer emotions have a place in ant-psychology. Even the hard-hearted species which Sir John Lubbock observed grew sympathetic towards sick or injured friends. Thus he observed that a specimen of *F. fusca*, which was congenitally destitute of antennæ, and which had been attacked by an ant of another species, excited the sympathy of a friend on being placed near her own nest. This friend "examined the poor sufferer carefully, then picked her up tenderly, and carried her away into the nest. It would have been difficult for any one who witnessed this scene to have denied to this ant the possession of humane feelings." Again, Moggridge has seen one ant carry another sick and apparently dead ant "down the twig which formed their path to the surface of the water, and, after dipping it in for a minute, carry it laboriously up again, and lay it in the sun to dry and recover."

But some species of ants seem habitually to show affection and sympathy even towards healthy companions in distress. Thus Belt writes of the *Eciton humata*, that "one day watching a small column of these ants, I placed a little stone on

one of them to secure it. The next that approached, as soon as it discovered its situation, ran backwards in an agitated manner, and soon communicated the intelligence to the others. They rushed to the rescue," and by their concerted action effected the release of their companion. Similarly ants of this species which Belt buried were always dug out by their friends. To quote one such instance, the ant which first found the buried one

tried to pull her out, but could not. It immediately set off at a great rate, and I thought it had deserted her comrade, but it had only gone for assistance; for in a short time about a dozen ants came hurrying up, evidently fully informed of the circumstances of the case, for they made directly for their imprisoned comrade and set him free. I do not see how this could be instinctive. It was sympathetic help, such as men only among the higher mammalia show. The excitement and ardor with which they carried on their unflinching exertions for the rescue of their comrade could not have been greater if they had been human beings.

Forel and McCook have also observed displays of sympathy and affection by other species.

Nursing.—This may appropriately be considered in connection with the emotions, as it seems to imply something akin to maternal affection. The eggs will not develop into larvæ unless nursed, and the nursing is effected by licking the surface of the eggs, which under the influence of this process increase in size, or grow. In about a fortnight—during which time the workers carry the eggs from higher to lower levels of the nest, and *vice versa*, according to the circumstances of heat, moisture, etc.—the larvæ are hatched out, and require no less careful nursing than the eggs. The workers feed them by placing mouths together—the larvæ stretching out their heads to receive the nourishment after the manner of young birds. When fully grown the larvæ spin cocoons, and are then pupæ, or the "ants' eggs" of the pleasant-rearers. These require no food, but still need incessant attention with reference to warmth, moisture, and cleanliness. When the time arrives for their emergence as perfect insects, the workers assist them to get out of their larval cases by biting through the walls of the latter. When it emerges the newly-born ant is enclosed in a thin membrane like a shirt, which has to be pulled off. "When we see," says Buchner, "how neatly and gently this is done, and how the young creature is then washed, brushed, and fed, we are invol-

untarily reminded of the nursing of human babies." The young ants are then educated. They are led about the nest and taught their various domestic duties. Later on they learn to distinguish between friends and foes; and when an ant's nest is attacked by foreign ants the young ones never join in the fight, but confine themselves to removing the pupæ. That the knowledge of hereditary enemies is not wholly instinctive is proved by the experiment of Forel, who put young uneducated ants of three different species into a glass case with pupæ of six other species—all the nine species being naturally hostile to one another. Yet the young ants did not quarrel, but worked together to tend the pupæ. When the latter hatched out, an artificial colony was formed of a number of naturally hostile species, all living together like the "happy families" of the showmen.

Keeping Aphides.—It is well and generally known that various species of ants keep aphides, as men keep milk-cows, to supply a nutritious secretion. Huber first observed this fact, and noticed that the ants collected the eggs of the aphides, and treated them with as much apparent care as they treated their own. When these eggs hatch out, the aphides are usually kept and fed by the ants. Sometimes the stems and branches on which they live are encased by the ants in clay walls, in which doors are left large enough to admit the ants, but too small to allow the aphides to escape. The latter are therefore imprisoned in regular stables. The sweet secretion is yielded to the ants by a process of "milking," which consists in the ants stroking the aphides with their antennæ.

Sir John Lubbock has made an interesting addition to our knowledge respecting the habit in question, as practised by a certain species of ant (*Lasius flavus*), which departs in a somewhat remarkable manner from the habit as practised by other species. He says: "When my eggs hatched I naturally thought that the aphides belonged to one of the species usually found on the roots of plants in the nests of *Lasius flavus*. To my surprise, however, the young creatures made the best of their way out of the nest, and, indeed, were sometimes brought out of the nest by the ants themselves." Subsequent observation showed that these aphides, born from eggs hatched in the ants' nest, left the nest, or were taken from it, as soon as they were hatched, in

order to live upon a kind of daisy which grew around the nest. Sir John then made out the whole case to be as follows:

Here are aphides, not living in the ants' nests, but outside, on the leaf-stalks of plants. The eggs are laid early in October on the food-plant of the insect. They are of no direct use to the ants, yet they are not left where they are laid, where they would be exposed to the severity of the weather and to innumerable dangers, but are brought into their nests by the ants, and tended by them with the utmost care through the long winter months until the following March, when the young ones are brought out and again placed on the young shoots of the daisy. This seems to me a most remarkable case of prudence. Our ants may not perhaps lay up food for the winter, but they do more, for they keep during six months the eggs which will enable them to procure food during the following winter.

As a supplement to this interesting observation, I may here append the following, which is due to Herr Nottebohm, who communicated it to Professor Büchner. This gentleman had a weeping ash which was covered by millions of aphides. To save the tree he one day in March cleaned and washed every branch and spray before the buds had burst, so removing all the aphides. There was no sign of the latter till the beginning of June, when he was surprised one fine sunny morning to see a number of ants running quickly up and down the trunk of the tree, each carrying up a single aphid to deposit it on the leaves, when it hurried back to fetch another. "After some weeks the evil was as great as ever. . . . I had destroyed one colony, but the ants replanted it by bringing new colonists from distant trees and setting them on the young leaves."

Aphides are not the only insects which are utilized by ants as cows. Gall insects and cocci are kept in just the same way; but M'Cook observed that where aphides and cocci are kept by the same ants, they are kept in separate chambers, or stalls. Caterpillars of the genus *Lycæna* have also been observed to be kept by ants for the sake of a sweet secretion which they supply.

Slavery.—The habit or instinct of keeping slaves obtains at least among three species of ant. It was first observed by P. Huber in *Formica rufescens*, which enslaves the species *F. fusca*, the members of which are appropriately colored black. The slave-making ants attack a nest of *F. fusca* in a body; there is a great fight with much slaughter, and, if

victorious, the slave-makers carry off the pupæ of the vanquished nest in order to hatch them out as slaves. When these pupæ hatch out, the young slaves begin their life of work, and seem to regard their masters' home as their own; for they never attempt to escape, and they fight in defence of the nest should it be attacked. The work that devolves upon the slaves differs according to the species which has enslaved them. In the nests of *F. sanguinea* the comparatively few captives are kept exclusively as household slaves, all the outdoor work of foraging, slave-capturing, etc., being performed by the masters; and when for any reason a nest has to migrate, the masters carry their slaves in their jaws. On the other hand, *F. rufescens* assigns a much larger share of work to the slaves, which they capture in much larger numbers to take it. In this species the masters do no work whatsoever, unless the capturing of slaves be regarded as such. Therefore the whole community is entirely dependent upon its slaves; the masters are not able to make their own nests, to feed their own larvæ, or even to feed themselves; they die of starvation in the midst of favorite food if a slave should not be present to hand it in proper form. In order to confirm this observation (originally due to Huber) Lespès placed a piece of moistened sugar near a nest of these slave-makers. It was soon found by one of the slaves, which gorged itself and returned. Other slaves then came out and did likewise. Some of the masters next came out, and by pulling the legs of the feeding slaves reminded them that they were neglecting their duty. The slaves then immediately began to serve their masters to the sugar. Had they not done so, there is no doubt they would have been punished, for the masters bite the slaves when displeased with them. Forel and Darwin have also confirmed these observations of Huber. Indeed, the structure of the mouth in *F. rufescens* is such as to render self-feeding difficult, if not physically impossible. Its long and narrow jaws, admirably adapted to pierce the head of an enemy, do not admit of being used for feeding unless liquid food is poured into them from the mouth of a slave.

Ants do not appear to be the only animals of which ants make slaves; for there is at least one case in which these wonderful insects enslave insects of another species, which may therefore be said to stand to them in the relation of beasts of burden. The case to which I

allude stands upon the authority of Audubon, who says that he has seen certain leaf-bugs used as slaves by ants in the forests of Brazil.

When these ants want to bring home the leaves which they have bitten off the trees, they do it by means of a column of these bugs, which go in pairs, kept in order on either side by accompanying ants. They compel stragglers to re-enter the ranks, and laggards to keep up by biting them. After the work is done the bugs are shut up within the colony and scantily fed.

Wars.—On the wars of ants a great deal might be said, as the facts of interest in this connection are very numerous; but for the sake of brevity I shall confine myself to giving only a somewhat meagre account. One great cause of war is the plundering of ants' nests by the slave-making species. Observers all agree that in the case of the so-called Amazon slave-making ant, this plundering is effected by a united march of the whole army composing a nest, directed against some particular nest of the species which they enslave. According to Lespès and Forel, single scouts or small companies are first sent out from the nest to explore in various directions for a suitable nest to attack. These scouts afterwards serve as guides to the marauding excursion. When the scouts have been successful in discerning a suitable nest to plunder, and have completed their strategical investigations of the locality to their satisfaction—the latter process being often a laborious one, as it has special reference to the entrances of the nest, which are purposely made difficult to find by their architects—they return to their own fortress. Forel has seen them then walk about on the surface of this underground fortress for a long time, as if in consultation, after which some of them entered and again came out leading the host of warriors; these streamed from all the gateways, and ran about tapping each other with their heads and antennæ. They then formed into a column, composed of between one and two thousand individuals, and set out in orderly march to pillage the nest which had been examined by the scouts. According to Lespès, the column is about five metres long and fifty centimetres wide, marches at the rate of a metre per minute, and, on account of the distance which may have to be traversed, the march sometimes lasts for more than an hour. When they arrive at their destination a fierce battle begins, which, after raging for a time with much slaughter on

both sides, generally, though not invariably, ends in the robbers gaining an entry. A barricade conflict then takes place below ground, and, if the attack proves successful, the slave-making ants again stream out of the plundered nest, each ant carrying a stolen pupa. The Amazons cannot climb, and this fact being known to the other ants, when they find that victory is on the side of the enemy, they devote themselves to saving what treasure they can by carrying their pupæ up the grasses and bushes surrounding the nest. When the marauders have obtained all the booty that they can, they set off on their homeward march, each carrying a pupa. They do not always follow the shortest road, but return exactly on the track by which they came, no doubt being guided entirely by the scent left on the ground from their previous march. When they arrive home they commit the pupæ to the care of the slaves. Forel found that a particular colony of slave-makers watched by him sent out forty-four marauding expeditions in thirty days, of which number twenty-eight were completely successful, nine partially so, and the remainder failures. The average booty obtained by a successful expedition was one thousand pupæ, so that during a single summer the total number of pupæ captured by this colony might be put down at forty thousand.

Forel further tried the following experiment. He kept nests of two species of slave-making ants in two separate sacks, and when he saw that an expedition of a third species (Amazons) had found a slave-nest to plunder, and were fairly on their march towards it, he turned out one of his sacks upon the nest. A fight at once began between the slave-ants and sanguine ants which he had turned loose upon them. Then the vanguard of the Amazons came up; but when they saw that the sanguines were already on the field they drew back and awaited the approach of the main army. In close order this whole army then precipitated itself upon the already struggling host of sanguine ants. The latter, however, repulsed the attack, and the Amazons retired to reform. This done they made a second assault, which appearing as if it would end successfully, Forel, to complicate matters, poured upon the field his second sack containing the third species of slave-makers. All three species then fought together, till at last victory declared itself on the side of the Amazons. After overcoming their enemies they paused for

a breathing-space, before beginning the work of plunder. They then ravished the nest of the slave-ants, which, however, fought desperately, so that it seemed as though they courted death. They even followed the Amazons right up to their own nest, harassing them all the way. On arriving at the nest of the Amazons the slaves of the latter came out and assisted their masters to fight. These slaves were of two species — one being the same as that which was being plundered, so that these slaves were fighting for their masters against their own kind. Altogether, therefore, in that day's warfare there were six different species of ants engaged, three in alliance, and the rest in mutual antagonism.

The military tactics employed by the sanguine ants above mentioned are different from those employed by the Amazons. They do not seek to carry the fortress of the slave-ants by storm, but lay a regular siege, forming a complete circle round the nest, and facing it with jaws held fiercely open and antennæ thrown back. Being individually large and strong, they are able thus to confine the whole nest of slave-ants. A special guard is set upon the entrances of the nest, and this allows all slave-ants not carrying pupæ to pass, while it stops all the slave-ants which carry pupæ. The siege lasts till most of the slave-ants have thus been allowed to pass out, while all the pupæ are left behind. The forces then close in upon the entrances and completely rifle the nest of its pupæ — a few companies, however, being told off to pursue any slave-ants which may possibly have succeeded here and there in escaping with a pupa.

Wars are not confined to species of ants having slave-making habits. The agricultural ants likewise at times have fierce contests with one another. The importance of seeds to these insects, and the consequent value which they set upon them, induce the animals, when supplies are scarce, to plunder one another's nests, prolonged warfare being the result. Thus Moggridge says: "By far the most savage and prolonged contests which I have witnessed were those in which the combatants belonged to two different colonies of the same species. . . . The most singular contests are those which are waged for seeds by *A. barbara*, when one colony plunders the stores of an adjacent nest belonging to the same species; the weaker nest making prolonged, though, for the most part, inefficient attempts to

recover their property." In one case the predatory war lasted for forty-six days, during which time it became evident that the attacking nest was the stronger, for

streams of ants laden with seeds arrived safely at the upper nest, while close observation showed that very few seeds were successfully carried on the reverse journey into the lower or plundered nest. Thus, when I fixed my attention on one of these robbed ants surreptitiously making its exit with the seed from the thieves' nest, and having overcome the oppositions and dangers met with on its way, reaching, after a journey which took six minutes to accomplish, the entrance to its own home, I saw that it was violently deprived of its burden by a guard of ants stationed there apparently for the purpose, one of whom instantly started off and carried the seed all the way back again to the upper nest. . . . After the 4th of March I never saw any acts of hostility between these nests, though the robbed nest was not abandoned. In another case of the same kind, however, where the struggle lasted thirty-two days, the robbed nest was at length completely abandoned.

Lastly, M'Cook records the history of an interesting engagement which he witnessed between two nests of *Tetramorium cespitum* in the streets of Philadelphia, and which lasted for nearly three weeks. Although all the combatants belonged to the same species, friends were always distinguished from foes, however great the confusion of the fight. This fact is always observable in the case of battles between nests of the same species, and M'Cook thinks that the distinction appears to be effected in some way by contact of antennæ.

Keeping Pets. — Many species of ants display the curious habit of harboring in their nests sundry kinds of other insects, which, so far as observation extends, are of no benefit to the ants, and which have therefore been regarded by observers as mere domestic pets. These pets are, for the most part, species which occur nowhere else except in ants' nests, and each species of pet is peculiar to certain species of ant. Beetles and crickets seem to be the more favorite kinds of insects, and these live on the best terms with their hosts, playing round the nests in fine weather, and retiring into them in stormy weather, while allowing the ants to carry them from place to place during migrations. It is evident, therefore, that ants not only tolerate these insects, but foster them; and as it seems absurd to credit the ants with any mere fancy or caprice, such as that of keeping pets, it is perhaps safest to suppose that these insects, like

the aphides, are of some use to their masters, although we are not yet in a position to surmise what this use can be.

Sleep and Cleanliness. — It is probable that all ants enjoy periods of true slumber alternating with those of activity; but actual observations on this subject have only been made in the case of two or three species. M'Cook says that the harvesting ants of Texas sleep so soundly that they may be pretty severely stroked with a feather without being aroused; but they are immediately awakened by a sharp tap. On awakening they often stretch their limbs in a manner precisely resembling that of warm-blooded animals, and even yawn — the latter action being "very like that of the human animal; the mandibles are thrown open with the peculiar muscular strain which is familiar to all readers; the tongue is also sometimes thrust out." The ordinary duration of sleep in this species is about three hours.

Invariably on awakening, and often at other times, the ants perform, like many other insects, elaborate processes of washing and brushing. But, unlike other insects, ants assist one another in the performance of their toilet. The author just quoted describes the whole process in the genus *Atta*. The cleanser begins with washing the face of her companion, and then passes on to the thorax, legs, and abdomen.

The attitude of the cleansed all this while is one of intense satisfaction, quite resembling that of a family dog when one is scratching the back of his neck. The insect stretches out her limbs, and, as her friend takes them successively into hand, yields them limp and supple to her manipulation; she rolls gently over on her side, even quite over on her back, and with all her limbs relaxed presents a perfect picture of muscular surrender and ease. The pleasure which the creatures take in being thus "combed" and "sponged" is really enjoyable to the observer. I have seen an ant kneel down before another and thrust forward the head drooping quite under the face, and lie there motionless, thus expressing, as plainly as sign-language could, her desire to be cleansed. I at once understood the gesture, and so did the supplicated ant, for she at once went to work.

Bates also has described similar facts with regard to ants of another genus — the ecitonids.

Play and Leisure. — The life of ants is not all work, or, at least, is not so in all species. Huber describes regular gymnastic sports as practised by the species *pratensis*. They raise themselves on their hind legs to wrestle and throw pre-

tended antagonists with their fore legs, run after each other, and seem to play at hide and seek. When one is victorious in a display of strength, it often seizes all the others in the ring, and tumbles them about like ninepins. Forel has amply confirmed these observations of Huber, and says that the chasing, struggling, and rolling together upon the ground, pulling each other in and out of the entrances, etc., irresistibly reminded him of romping boys at play. "I understand," he says, "that the matter must seem wonderful to those who have not witnessed it, particularly when we remember that sexual attraction can here play no part."

M'Cook and Bates also give similar accounts of the habits of play and leisure among species of the Western hemisphere.

Funerals. — The habit of carrying their dead out and away from their nests is very general, if not universal, among ants; and being no doubt due to sanitary requirements, has probably been developed as a beneficial instinct by natural selection. M'Cook says of the agricultural ants: —

All species whose manners I have closely observed are quite alike in their mode of caring for their own dead, and for the dry carcasses of aliens. The former they appear to treat with some degree of reverence, at least to the extent of giving them a sort of sepulture without feeding upon them. The latter, after having exhausted the juices of the body, they usually deposit together in some spot removed from the nest.

Experiments made on ants kept in confinement showed that the desire to remove dead companions was one of the strongest that they exhibited.

So great was the desire to get rid of the dead outside the nest, that the bearers would climb up the smooth surface of the glass to the very top of the jar, laboriously carrying with them a dead ant. This was severe work, which was rarely undertaken except under the influence of this funeral enthusiasm. Falls were frequent, but patiently the little "undertaker" would follow the impulse of her instinct and try and try again. Finally the fact of a necessity seemed to dawn upon the ants (the jar being closed at the top so that they could not get out), and a portion of the surface opposite from the entrance to the galleries, and close up against the glass, was used as a burial-ground and sort of kitchen-midden, where all the refuse of the nest was deposited.

This author also records in his recently published work an interesting piece of information to which he was led by Mrs. Treat.

A visit was paid to a large colony of these slave-makers (*F. sanguinea*), which is established on the grounds adjoining her residence at Vineland, New Jersey. I noticed that a number of carcasses of one of the slave species, *Formica fusca*, were deposited together quite near the gates of the nest. They were probably chiefly the dry bodies of ants brought in from recent raids. It was noticed that the dead ants were all of one species, and therefore Mrs. Treat informed me that the red slave-makers never deposited their dead with those of their black servitors, but always laid them by themselves, not in groups, but separately, and were careful to take them a considerable distance from the rest. One can hardly resist pointing here another likeness between the customs of these social hymenoptera and those of human beings, certain of whom carry their distinctions of race, condition, or religious caste even to the gates of the cemetery, in which the poor body moulders into its mother dust!

GEORGE J. ROMANES.

From The Spectator.

THE ARABS OF THE DESERT.

GLANCING through a new volume of poems which the author rather absurdly calls "The Love Sonnets of Proteus," we came upon this very fine and suggestive address to the Bedouins:—

Children of Shem! Firstborn of Noah's race,
But still forever children; at the door
Of Eden found, unconscious of disgrace,
And loitering on while all are gone before;
Too proud to dig; too careless to be poor;
Taking the gifts of God in thanklessness,
Not rendering aught, nor supplicating more,
Nor arguing with him when he hides his face.
Yours is the rain and sunshine, and the way
Of an old wisdom by our world forgot,
The courage of a day which knew not death.
Well may we sons of Japhet in dismay
Pause in our vain mad fight for life and breath,
Beholding you. I bow and reason not.

The "many-charactered" poet bears one character among others, we believe, which specially entitles him to judge of Arabs, and certainly in this sonnet he has touched with a ringing spear the central peculiarity of the Bedouin position. There is no puzzle in the world, either to the ethnologist or the psychologist, quite equal to the Arab, whether he dwells in a tent, half-nomad, half-robber, or abides in a city of Nejd or south Arabia, the oldest, most tranquil, and proudest of republicans. Why is he, of all men in the world, the one who changes so little, that the person who, of all mankind, most resembles Sheikh Abraham in ways and habits

and bearing, and,* as the best observers say, in habit of thought, is his collateral kinsman, ninety generations removed, a sheikh of Syria or Nejd? What induces the Arab to seclude himself in a dreary peninsula, in poverty such as no European conceives, and there live the life of a remote antiquity, a life without object, or hope, or fear, a life so persistent that a thousand years hence, if Europe does not conquer him, the Arab will be as to-day? It is not his race, for the Jew is as purely Arab as himself, sprung from the same ancestor as himself, and, like himself, has never mixed his blood. And yet the Jew has changed. The least receptive of mankind has become the most receptive, so receptive, that he is more German, more French, more Italian, than Italian, German, or Frenchman; the most isolated seeks cities by choice, preferring Brighton infinitely to the desert; the purely agricultural people have grown into money-changers, and the most religious even of Asiatics have become, with magnificent individual exceptions, utterly earthy. The Arab who wanders has changed altogether, while the Arab who remains is as he was in the days of Jethro, even his new creed—for Mahomedanism is *parvenu* before the Arab—being rather an expression of himself than an influence modifying his mind. Christianity changed the Norseman, but the Arab was Mahomedan before Mahomed.

What has made the latter so unchangeable? It is not any defect of intellect, or want of force of character. All who have studied the Arabs in their tents or their secluded cities attribute to them the old qualities,—the instinct for poetry and romance, and, so to speak, literature; a command of their magnificent tongue, such as no uncultivated European has of his own language; a separate energy; a special capacity for comprehending argument, and even for managing affairs. As soldier, the Arab is first in Asia, though, from his excessive individuality, he is beaten in the aggregate by an inferior people like the Turks,—“mud bricks,” as he himself says, “being better for building than diamonds.” The Arab who wanders forth as soldier, as statesman, as trader, or, curiously enough, as sailor, almost invariably succeeds; and if the English quitted India, it is a question whether a Sikh, a Mahratta, or an Arab would rebuild the throne of the Great Mogul. It is not energy that is wanting to him. His forefathers conquered the world, and, unarmored, defeated even the

armored barbarians who lived only for battle, founded three empires at least, and did not retreat after centuries of contest before the Crusaders, the picked warrior emigrants of a dozen Christian lands. All the men of iron of Europe failed to tear Jerusalem from the Arab. To this day, the Arab intriguer rises most swiftly at Constantinople, the Arab trader penetrates furthest into Africa, the Arab missionary in Bengal, in central Asia, in the furthest recesses of central and western Africa, makes the most numerous and the most faithful converts. The enervated Hindoo of Dacca, the dissolute pagan of the Gold Coast, becomes, when under the Arab spell, the dangerous Ferazee or the warlike Houssa. No one who knows the Arab doubts his enterprise, and yet he lives on in the Syrian desert, or in his vast, secluded peninsula — Arabia is as large as India, or Europe west of the Vistula — unchanged, seeking no advance, complaining of no suffering, living his life, such as it is, straight on, and accepting death as a destiny, neither to be sought nor feared. As it was, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, — that is his conception of human life. Time is nothing to the Arab; progress has no attraction for his mind; wealth, though when abroad he seeks it zealously, has no charm to tempt him thither. Poverty is nothing to him, for the man who is contented with his skin can never be poor. Buckle might say it was his geographical position, but that did not prevent him from conquering half the Roman world. It is his creed. In what does his creed differ from that of the Jew, except in certain precepts which should send the Arab forth to conquer, not seclude him in the islands of the desert? It is his poverty? About all other men we say, and say truly, that poverty is a stimulus to advance, that clans of brave men able to fight will not remain poor. It is his individualism? That is but pushing the question a step backwards, for what is it which makes the Arab, who abroad founded Bagdad and Granada, and who at home constructs petty States as truly republican as Uri, unable to found a kingdom, or a society which shall advance men to the "civilized" Oriental level? What gives the Arab alone, even among Asiatics, that perfection of mental content which asks nothing even from God, and is so full, as "Proteus" says, of "the courage of a day which knew not death"?

We suppose the secret must lie, like the secret of the Irish peasant's home-

sickness, in some charm which the life he leads, with its exemption from wants, and from changes, and from uncertainties, has for him; but that is certainly a strange lesson for the breathless race of Japhet. The most qualified of the races of Asia, having conquered a world and its wealth, and built cities and devised creeds, and composed a literature, shrinks back contentedly to live a changeless life of dreary poverty, in the one section of the world which to the European is utterly repellant. The Arabs do not believe one word of all that Mr. Bright gives to the world as solidly sensible advice, and they are content, and among their rivals noble. They despise industry, put wealth by as meaningless, keep the tradition of the past as a possession, and without decay as without progress, live on forever, as they were in ages of which history tells us nothing. What explanation of them has the Comtist, with his dream of perfected humanity, to offer? or where is his proof that the Parisian, with all his modern vigor and activity of brain, and mastery over all the secrets of nature which conduce to comfort or to the diffusion of intelligence, will survive the Arab, who was before the Pharaohs in all essentials what he is now? Durability, at all events, is not lacking to the race which, of all others, is furthest from the modern ideal. May it not just be possible that the races which halt and wait, as calmly indifferent to the strife outside as if their habitats were planets, may conserve energy more than the races which advance, and in advancing must expend force of some kind? That it is force perpetually renewed by the expenditure, may be true; but also it may not, for the Greek has not reproduced Phidias, or Æschylus, or Archimedes, nor do we find in Scandinavia the energy which once threatened and re-peopled so much of the world. Suppose Shem lasts and not Japhet, that Mecca survives Manchester, that when Europe is a continent of ruins, the Arab shall still dwell in the desert, "too proud to dig, too careless to be poor," "not rendering aught or supplicating more," but living on like the Pyramids, whose foundations he saw laid. It seems impossible to Mr. G. O. A. Head, with his bottled electric force, carried about in a valise, but the Arab stood at the gates of On and saw the "magicians" and their feats, and stood below the walls of Constantinople and saw the Byzantine pour out his liquid fire, and despised both Egypt and Rome, and went back to the herbless

land; and he lives on still, not advanced, not degenerate, the ablest though the most useless of his kind. Birmingham is great, but it has not yet discovered every truth about the destiny of man; and there are fractions of humankind whose governing impulses western Europe as little comprehends as it foresees the future. Imagine a clan which prefers sand to mould, poverty to labor, solitary reflection to the busy hubbub of the mart, which will not earn enough to clothe itself, never invented so much as a lucifer-match, and would consider newspaper-reading a disgraceful waste of time. Is it not horrible, that such a race should be? more horrible, that it should survive all others? most horrible of all, that it should produce, among other trifles, the Psalms and the Gospels, the Koran and the epic of Antur?

From The Spectator.

THE SMALL SQUIRES OF A CENTURY SINCE.

EVERYWHERE in rural England we are told there used to exist families possessed of small freeholds, sometimes not exceeding two or three hundred acres, who were accounted, and in most respects actually were, gentlefolks. They lived on in their old houses for generations, without visible decline, enjoying the respect of all around them, marrying their daughters to neighboring squires, sending their sons into the professions, especially the Church and the army, keeping up something of dignity in their social lives, and sometimes developing sons who became known to mankind. Richard Clive, Lord Clive's father, was, we imagine, a man of that sort. They were not yeomen, these men, but gentry, proud of pedigree, exact upon heraldry, jealous of consequence, and most punctilious in fulfilling all requirements of "position," as they understood them. They never seemed unhappy, they seldom went about afoot, they lived fairly well as to meat and drink, and "they hunted, and they hallooed, and they blew their horns also," like any of Caldecott's mirth-inspiring heroes. Yet they had but minute properties, occasionally not exceeding two hundred acres of farm-land, with a worthless bit of moor, or marsh, or "chase,"—thin grass, keeping a sheep per ten acres—besides. And how on earth did they manage to live so? What is the precise nature of the change which has come over English society and meth-

ods of living which has made that kind of existence seem so impossible, that half the younger men who read this paper, or the article in the *Times*, will deny that it was common. Either the statement is false, they think, or everything was much cheaper, or such a family so supplied must have had resources which it concealed, and which it would be matter of curiosity to discover.

Of the truth of the statement there can be no doubt at all. Not only is the literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries full of descriptions of such people, but the older men among us, if they knew as lads much of any country-side, can remember instances of such houses so supported, and greatly respected, though beginning to exhibit clear signs of final decay, and to be pitied as failing families. Their houses were beginning to look neglected, they themselves to be bitter about money and the "times," and their dependents to relate legends, mostly false, of former state and glory, when "t'owd Madam" used to walk about in the cool of the evening, and the house was "properly kept up." They are gone now, almost entirely, though a few may linger on in corners of the North Riding and of Devon; but they survived into this century, when, indeed, for a few years the extraordinary price of corn momentarily gave them spirits; and they were a most worthy class, whose disappearance, even in these days of land bills, is worth a moment's thought.

Of their existence there is no doubt; nor is the explanation to be sought in the comparative cheapness of things, or in the presence of unsuspected resources. A few things were much cheaper,—meat being the most serious item; and after meat, education; and after education, the keep of horses; but many things were much dearer, and these squires bought so little, that they were little benefited, except as to their dinners and their stables, by a low range of prices. Nor were their hidden resources, though they usually existed, at all considerable. Such squires habitually tried to marry and did marry girls with small portions, sums in cash varying from £1,500 to £3,000, which were invested at rather high interest, often seven per cent.; and they received small legacies from female relatives jealous for "the family," which, again, were well "put out;" and they obtained contributions from sons and cousins who prospered in the colonies and India and the "City," in a way which we

suspect is very unusual now. Clive was not a solitary instance of this kind, though his wealth was so unusual; and the relative in the City, even if he were, as Pope says "meek, and much a liar," was proud of the squire, who held his head so high and spoke out so audaciously, and he did him, especially as to investments, many a good turn. The secret did not, however, consist in the possession of resources apart from the estate, any more than it did in the low price for which madam could purchase the week's supply of meat. The explanation consists, we believe, substantially in this: that apart from his horseflesh, which so greatly helped his dignity, and which is now quite beyond reach, the life of the poor English squire who was accepted as a gentleman could, were social conditions the same, be lived successfully and happily even now. When judged by the proper standard, he was not so very poor. His manor-house paid no rent, and served as the farmhouse as well; he farmed himself, and knew his business as well as any rival; he had a ready market for his corn and his beasts among the millers and the butchers around, who had no London dealers to traffic with, and though they sold cheap, gave the squire comparatively a better wholesale price than the producer gets now — it is not the beast, but the meat, which is so dear — and his two hundred acres produced him, in meal or malt, a rent, say, of 18s., and a farmer's profit of 12s. an acre, or 30s. in all. That is, the little squire had £300 a year, and a good house, which needed, or at any rate got, very little repair — there was literally no plumber's bill — very little new furniture, and no "doing up," except once in a lifetime, when the bride came home. That bride brought usually from £105 to £140 a year — say, in capital, £1,500 to £2,000 — and the squire had £2,000 more laid aside — old "family savings" — yielding seven per cent., bringing his total income, with no deductions, and no allowance for the brother or uncle who lived with him and paid something, to £545 or £590 a year. That seems very little, because men compare the ancient petty squire with the modern squire of £2,500 a year, but it is not so little, if we compare him with his true analogue, the rector in a rather remote district, with a good rectory house, and £550 left after paying for his curate, and his subscriptions, and official "gifts" in charity. The rector with that clear income, a wife who can manage, and the means of putting out his sons — which

the squire possessed, because the suffrage being so limited his vote was important, and the county member had patronage — would live as a gentleman even now, dine with anybody he liked, send out his sons into the world, marry his daughters fairly well, and carry his head a little high besides. He must not, indeed, go to London above once in ten years, or omit to "save" his best clothes, or drink wine habitually, or buy many books, or indulge in any costly "taste" whatever; but then, the poorer squire did none of these things. Respect came to him, as on professional grounds it now comes to the fairly benefited clergyman, without any special reference to his means. He was obliged, indeed, by opinion to pay his way, and to be ready now and again with a bit of his hoard for his daughters' dowry, and to acquire a certain quantity of valuables — £200 will purchase a good many spoons and ladles and punch-bowls — and to keep up a certain amount of rough hospitality; but if he did these things, his income was not his neighbors' great consideration. He rode. He belonged to the gentry. He had a pedigree. He had lived in one house till it became traditional that he should live there, and stories older than his people were carried in the alehouse conversation to his credit. Men of undoubted wealth and position treated him as an equal, and even if they had names and influence in London, were very slow to offend a class which they knew, if irritated, could and would dispose of the county seat. The sense of durability and political power, together with the respect of his neighbors, then indicated by many external signs, such as precedence in entering and leaving church, and the use of "squire" and "madam" instead of "Mr." and "Mrs.," gave him independence and boldness, and made his pride in heraldic distinctions and claims of family anything but ridiculous.

The little squire possessed, in fact, as the benefited rector alone in England perhaps still does, that kind of respect, that equality with all but the very first — that "position" as it is now called — which is, after all, the result for which money is so much valued, and which to men without means, unless they have some special intellectual distinction or some unusual claim of family, is now so rarely given. There was no particular need to save, for the eldest son would enjoy the same estate, and the member would give some chance or other to the

others; and as little need to spend, for spending produced no increase of "position," and exceedingly little of comfort. What could a Somersetshire squire, with a family legend of three hundred years, no carriage, because there were no roads, no tailor, except the man who, once in twenty years, supplied a blue coat, as he now supplies a dress uniform to an officer, and no upholsterer, want to buy? He lived pleasantly from week to week, as a rector with such an income and such moderate wishes, and an hereditary freehold in his living, would, we contend, live now, and he lasted in the land, because there was nothing to tempt him out of it. What was there better for him than the old, plentiful house, half manor, half farm, and his light daily work, and his weekly meeting with the neighbors, and the respect of all around him, that he should wander out into the unknown? Let the younger sons do that, and let him devote himself to keep all things as they were. The poor squire cannot live so now, because with small means he does not obtain the respect, and the world is careless of pedigree, and the member is independent of him, and can give his sons no "provision," and the education which prevails with Civil Service Commissioners is most costly, and all around, thick as flies, are rivals who have money, and can get so much out of it in comfort, and freedom, and locomotion, and even intelligence, that he feels that if he stayed on, he should be like a vegetable among living things. He makes, therefore, no effort to resume his old position, his squiredom, but settles on the outskirts of a town, and boasts of his family, or lives abroad in Italy or rural France. Or happiest of all, he betakes himself to a colony, and there repeats on a broader scale the old home life. Returned colonists tell us that, except the pushing vulgarian of distinct mental force, nobody does better in New Zealand or Victoria than the "impoverished" gentleman, if he is only young enough to accept new seasons, new ways, new grasses, and new drinks, and will root himself in the old way to one place. It is not, however, mere want of means which deters the poor squire from trying to live as squire, but a changed world, which, if he tried the old course, would hold him hardly a gentleman, and which has abandoned the old, simple, restful, narrow life, for a more feverish and more vivid one. The old life will come back, some day, maybe, when England has been fairly beaten in the race,

and is the pleasant and cheap home of the Englishman from every part of the earth; but, meanwhile, the man who was the special product of that life has wandered out of it forever. Travellers say you meet him still in Holstein and Mecklenburg, and in that North Holland which nobody sees; but he has gone from England, and all the agricultural shows in the world will not bring him back.

From The Saturday Review.

A SQUIRE'S NOTE-BOOK IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

To those who like to know how properties grew, devolved, and were managed by our ancestors, nothing is more attractive than the discovery of some ancient record, in the family chest or lumber-room, which, by an incredible piece of good fortune, has survived the inroads of housemaids and rats. One of these antique treasures has just fallen into our hands, and for practical men it is quite worth a barrel of flint and stone instruments adapted to the use of beings something between Bushmen and Yahoos. This said record consists of about ninety pages of stiff paper loosely stitched together by thongs of leather and covered with a thicker material now embrowned by age and dust. It is not exactly a diary, for chronological order is defied. Neither is it a mere book of accounts, made up of pounds and shillings and little else that can appeal to human sympathies. The owner appears to have used it for the purpose of entering all the details of the receipts and expenditure of his not inconsiderable estates, and he was further in the habit of recording in it, just as they happened, the events which diversified his life in country and in town. We should state that in the reign of Elizabeth there was a certain prothonotary of the court of common pleas, who acquired an estate in Lincolnshire that had belonged to the monastery of the Blessed Mary of York. This property had been sold by Henry VIII. to a family, in whose possession it remained for forty-five years, after which, eventually, it passed to Richard Brownlow the aforesaid prothonotary. He had two sons, William and John, created baronets by Charles I. in 1641. The writer of our memoir, Sir John Brownlow, was born in 1594, married Alice Pultuney of Misterton, in Leicestershire, in 1621, and died *sine prole* in 1679. His estates then went to his grandnephew,

also Sir John Brownlow. He possessed a house at Isleworth, twelve miles from London; a mansion in Drury Lane; and estates in Lincolnshire, near Grantham, rather more than a hundred miles from London. Three different stewards, Cardiff, Batchelor, and Richard Fullalow, appear to have collected and accounted for rents, and occasionally other large sums passed through the hands of one John Smith. If the rents for those times were considerable, so, on the other hand, were the outgoing. Out of £3,933 more than £850 were disbursed; out of £566 nothing remained but one guinea: and out of £444 only 11s. 13s. 1d. But to some of those balance sheets are appended careful notes which show that divers other items had still to be accounted for or recovered. Poles of wood or Maypoles had been sold for several pounds; one hundred wethers fetched more than a pound apiece; oats and barley brought in more than 30s.; one Mr. Greenberrie was to pay £70 at May Day; wood, old and new, realized a good price; and there are constant entries showing that Sir John was quite alive to the necessity of being just to himself as well as generous to others. The prices of skilled and unskilled labor and of articles and stock are noteworthy. The doctor's fee for attendance on "my wife" was 10s.; when Cardiff fell ill, Batchelor felled an acre for him, and might, we should think, have "stubbed Thornaby Waste." In one bag of £100 9s. 2d. were wanting; but Cardiff, we are happy to state, made good the deficiency. Jack Sayle was a long time paying his debt. Smeton might be permitted to have the grass mowed off the bowling-green, for so we interpret the *herbe au jeu de boule*. A beast that died of the "gargol" about September 6, sold for nearly 3s.; a pair of gloves cost 3s. 6d., and a ribbon 1s. 6d. Kerbie cow pasture was to be disposed of at Lady Day, and the thorns were to be grubbed up. Timothy Dove had a second presentation to two parts of the rectory at Rippengale. In a lease of eleven years the tenant had permission to plough for eight years, but not for the last three. 20s. a year was the honorarium attached to the duty of reading prayers twice every week to the poor at the almshouses; and various contributions, including one from Sir John himself, made up the schoolmaster's stipend of £17 a year. We remark that while Sir John Wray, Richard Nelthorpe, *gent.*, Sir P. Tirwhit, H. Ludington, and others contributed sums to

the above end, of from 12s. to £2 10s., Corpus Christi College only gave 1s. 3d. to the above village dominie. The following entries afford some clue to the value of landed property. £5,500 represented eighteen years' purchase; £19,000 was given for £976 per annum, but in all probability the outgoing were considerable, seeing that in another account of Sir John's own estate, £1,724 were disbursed out of £2,376 received. If any doubt could ever have arisen as to the politics of the author, it would at once be solved by the loan made to the king two years after the Restoration. Charles wanted £500 within fourteen days, and it was raised and paid by the writer in one-seventh of that time. Indeed, there was always a large store of coin placed in bags and deposited in the family chests at Isleworth or in Lincolnshire. Coin of the Protector's time to the amount of two or three hundred pounds had been left in the iron chest, and there seems to have been no attempt at turning a penny or getting any interest except in one or two ways. The gold and silver lay idle in bags, and was only drawn on for the necessities of nephews, for marriage portions, for loans, on mortgages, and for the purchase of more land. Macaulay, vol. iv., p. 319, writing of 1692, says that to many busy men, after the year's expenses of housekeeping had been defrayed out of the year's income, a surplus remained; and that a lawyer or merchant who had saved thousands was often embarrassed about investing them. The father of Pope the poet carried to a retreat in the country, the historian goes on to say, a strong box containing nearly twenty thousand pounds. This is exactly what Sir John repeatedly did in the memoir before us, and once he expressly tells us that at the time of the great fire of London he removed sixty-six bags of coin to his residence at Isleworth for safety. In his dealings with his nearest relatives Sir John kept a strict account, in which we do not perceive any traces of penuriousness or unkindness. Every now and then he gave his best diamond ring and his great jewels to his wife. Then he took them back and then he gave them up again. To his nephew Sherard he made repeated loans, sometimes as much as £500 at a time. To a young lady, his great-niece, he gave a marriage portion of £3,000. He put the children of twelve poor folks to school at a cost of half a crown a quarter for each child. He allowed R. Johnson to keep a

horse in his woods; he founded almshouses; he made presents to high and low; on one occasion his liberality took the form of silver candlesticks and snuffers; on another he gave tankards; and then, again, he paid the rent of a house for his "Cosen Smith" for life. Antiquarians may regret to learn that men had made oatmeal at Grantham "where Bacon dwelt;" but the house, believed to be a horse-mill, had disappeared at the time of this memoir and a stable had also gone with it. The following items of legal expenses are shown in a trial in the Court of Common Pleas, the result of which is not very clear. The cause of action was a claim for "tith of hay and corne" growing in a certain parish, and it was brought under the statute of Edward VI. One-and-twenty jurors appeared and received five pounds each, besides their dinners. Serjeant Maynard—no doubt the same who told William III. that, if it had not been for his Majesty, he would have survived the law as well as the lawyers—had for his fee at the trial "6 ginnies," and "at other tymes, three ginnies." But Serjeants Baldwin, Turner, and Browne also had their 3 and 4 ginnies, and other fees, at odd times; and there were fees in court of £4 10s., the charges of witnesses, and the bill of "Mr. Grange who solicited," which amounted to eight pounds all but sixpence. There is, too, a memo which we interpret to mean that, of the twenty-one jurymen, the nine who were not wanted and were not sworn need not have had as much as the twelve good and true men who sat on the trial; £3 apiece might have served the former. In this sentiment the reader will no doubt concur. We find that to prevent lethargis or apoplexy, there was nothing like some sneezing-powder, made of dried betony, tobacco, and a little musk. This, with blisters on the neck, a warming-pan held to the head, and oil of amber to the nostrils and temples, was the prescription

of one worthy Doctor Waldron in his letter of July 14, 1666. Failing this there was another prescription too long to quote. To feed bees properly you are to get roasted apples, bean flower, and bay salt, or else sop toasts of bread in strong ale and put them into the hive. For the biting of any venomous creature, hold a hot iron to the place affected or a coal of fire; and a piece of briony root worn about one will cure and prevent the cramp, while mare's milk drank by women every morning in March and April will tend to conception. There are other curious entries, but our space is running short, and when we have noted that one line commemorates the death of Nicholas the cooke, and the very next that of the Duchess of Dudlie, we come to the last entry of all, which has a tinge of sadness and yet fittingly closes a record over which Thackeray would have moralized. It is as follows, spelling and all: "My deer wyfe dyed at Isleworth on tuesday the 27th of June 1675, between one and twoe at noone: exceeding suddenlie (no cause for it appearing), being 68 years of age as was apprehended or very near it. The corps being very well embalmed in a very good coffin was removed, late in the evening, about 10 o'clock, toward London and brought to my house in Drurie Lane on the 30th of June following, and on the 5th of Julie after, was carried towards Belton and there was buried on the 7th of Julie, where I also intend to lye." A note adds that the age was probably seventy-two. The writer survived his partner, and died without issue some four years afterwards. A solid monument with the effigies of this excellent couple attests their virtues, and we may be permitted to doubt whether any brief diaries or loose memoranda kept in this age of bustle, excitement, and perhaps shams, will, if revealed in the year 2081, excel this record in interest and solid worth.

CHARLES EDWARD STUART, COUNT D'ALBANIE, *ob.*, at sea, Dec. 24, 1830. — The will of Charles Edward Stuart, Count d'Albanie, was proved on the 16th ult. by Lord Lovat, as the attorney of the Countess Sobieska de Platt, the daughter and residuary legatee, the personal estate being sworn under a nominal sum. The testator bequeaths to the Marquis of Bute the Highland Claidh-mor (Andrea Ferrara) worn by his (testator's) grandfather, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, at the battles of Fal-

kirk, Preston-Pans, and Culloden, a pair of steel pistols inlaid with silver, and the dirk worn by his said grandfather at the ball given at Holyrood on the eve of the battle of Preston-Pans, and which he opened with the Countess of Wemyss; and to Lord Lovat the large two-handled sword made by Cosmo Ferrara, firstly belonging to the Italian General Patrici Colonna, and afterwards to his said grandfather, and two pistols formerly belonging to Rob Roy, 1715. Illustrated London News.